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Original Poetry.

MES ADIEUX.

Dear Flora, fare thee well! The dream is o'er;
I may not longer worship at thy shrine;
Fool that I was, I'll be a fool no more,
Nor chase an idol, though it be divine.

I cannot join in an ignoble race,
E'en though it be to win a noble heart;
Nor hound, nor horse, have I for such a chase,
Nor time, nor taste, for such a huntsman's art.

It may be sport to run a rabbit down,
The fox to hunt, the cunning 'coon to tree,
But chasing women through the gaping town,
Though sport to others, is no sport to me.

In crowded courts my feet have never run,
On crowded lists my name was ne'er enrolled;
I claim no tribute that I have not won,
I give no tribute that I may withhold.

Homage to beauty I must ever pay,
But once the homage paid, I leave the shrine,
Free, though the homage be but for a day,
Free, though commanded by a soul like thine.

Then fare thee well! I may not love thee more;
My loss is great, alas! but nothing thine,
For what is one wave less upon the shore,
Or one star less where constellations shine?

H. C. JR.

New York, July 31, 1859.

LA BELLE BERNICE.

BY FRED. A. FARMENTER.

I.

Very stately is your dwelling,
Looking out upon the square,
And the steps of snowy marble
Have a quite exclusive air!
O, the rooms are all palatial,
Yet to you they seem forlorn;
And your cheeks have lost their crimson
Ever since your bridal morn!

II.

Royal robes of silk and satin
Make your beauty seem more grand,
And your greyhaired husband calls you
"Fairest lady in the land!"
But you only love his money,
And you hate his ardent praise;
While your thoughts fly back, like swallows,
To the long midsummer days,
When you wandered out at evening,
At the setting of the sun,
And your hand lay gently prisoned
In the loving clasp of *one!*
But, forsooth! you're really weeping,—
Dash away the bitter tears;
For your maid announces callers,
Ah, the wealthy Vere de Veres!

IV.

So descending to your parlors,
You receive your stylish friends,
And your queenly air of *hauteur*
Is what every one commends!
But, sweet lady, 'mid your talking,
Look not out upon the square;
For there paces *one*, a stranger,
With a lone abstracted air!

V.

Ah, forsooth, he's quite a stranger,
Yet you knew him long ago,
Though you'd scarcely recognize him
Walking there so sad and slow;
And he looks up at your dwelling:
"'Twas for this she sold her charms,
Cast aside my manly passion
For the clasp of aged arms!"

VI.

O, sweet lady, he is weary,
But you will not ask him in:
What would say your stately circle?
'Twere unpardonable sin!
Yet you loved him truly, deeply,
In your girlhood's golden time,
And his kindly words still echo
In your soul, like sweetest rhyme!

VII.

So you leave him to his sorrow,
Out upon the lonely square,
While you trip up to your chamber
To rebraid your jetty hair;
For a quite select reunion
Is to-night at Lady Dean's,
And you wish to look resplendent—
Ay, a very queen of queens!

VIII.

But the frothy adulation
That to-night will meet you there,
Were it worth a single whisper
From the stranger on the square?

Otsego, Tioga County, N. Y.

CATSKILL.

Like some huge ruminant in sleep,
Catskill, thou towerest dim;
Thy cedars comb the fleecy clouds
That round thy summit swim;
And sometimes, when the storm-cloud wreathes
Thy form with vapory zone,
The tempest gildeth thee with fire
And calleth thee his throne.

O brother of the sunset-cloud!
Unlock thy treasuries—
Full of strange sights as was the realm
Of the fair Hesperides!
And from the cataract and glen
Upraise the misty veil:
And guide my steps aright, ye nymphs,
Awhile the crag I scale.

A living, pouring galaxy!
The Catskehill I see,—
White, sad, in falling, turned to spray.
Then lighting laughingly;
Dark gallery over gallery rings
With rock the gorge half round,
And from the edge, far, far on high
The dizzy pines looks down.

Catskill, I stood upon thy cliffs,
And from the swimming height
Beheld thy forests downward blast
Like giant hosts in flight;
And my dilated eyes explored
A boundless reach of view,
With towns that seemed but daisy-clusters
Twinkling in the dew.
And the great landscape seemed, like me,
In reverence to gaze on thee.

J. W. C.

MY FORENOON WITH THE BABY.

Some fiend breathed ill-timed and ill-fated benevolence into my heart. Satan is like scrofula, he always seizes a man by the weakest part of his constitution.

"I'll tell you, Aunt Fanny," I said, under the impulse, with the joyous smile of one who brings relief at a crisis, "go you to church with uncle and the boys. You must not lose this fine day. *I'll take care of the baby.*"

Aunt Fanny looked at me with some little doubt.

"Oh, yes," I said, with calm and confident dignity, "of course I can. Just as if a man of my size couldn't take care of a baby for three hours! Besides, I know exactly what to do. I've seen you do it more than a hundred times. And children always like me."

If my Aunt Fanny had had but this one only darling, she would have seen me in—Hackensack before she would have done it. But Sammy was her ninth (all the rest being, by various accidents, absent, or to be absent, that morning); and I have noticed that where there are so many, people don't think *quite* so much of them per head. What I mean is by no means that maternal love is like a dish of beans, to be divided about in smaller messes as there are more to partake of it, but only this—that the experienced mother finds out that her little ones are really safer than she used to think they were, and can be trusted sometimes to competent guardians—like me.

"Well," said she, at last, "baby's a dood yitty ting (warn't oo, baby?), and if I put him to sleep before I go, perhaps he won't wake up until we get back. I'll try you, for once."

So my small cousin was nicely arrayed in some mysterious but clean white garments, the details of whose arrangement I did not see, as donated with (as they say about gifts to infant colleges: *ergo*, why not to infants, though the phrase be insufferable?) a bounteous repast of—from—by—in short, the maternal fount (I thank you, Mr. Micawber!), and soothed with gentle oscillation and oft-repeated chanting of that wondrous, ancient rhyme or magic song which commences with an allusion to our country's flag, to wit:

"By lo baby *bunting*;"

and thus was the young immortal prosperously dismissed within the peaceful realms of Dreamland. Then my Aunt Fanny adorned herself with speed, and forthwith the old, lean, over-worked farm-horse shambled off down the sunshiny Summer road toward the church, two miles and more away. As she stepped over the threshold she looked back for an instant, and some shadows flitted indistinctly across her face. *Was it a presentiment?*

Human prosperity is a deceitful thing. I passed half an hour in profound quiet, reading by the open window, in the sweet Summer air, in the leafy solitude of the remote farm, in a stillness so complete that the buzzing of a fly across the pane, or the motion or fall of one leaf from the tall trees in the darkly-shaded dooryard, was a noticeable event. I had been perusing a sermon from that stately work, "Theology Explained and Defended, in a Series of Sermons, by Timothy Dwight, S.T.D., LL.D." The grave, the elaborate fancifulness of the old President's descriptions, their formal and sonorous periodicity of phrase, not without the recognisable decent sermonic idioms, bore an efficient analogy to the solemnity of the day; and I lingered long in pleasant imaginings over "thirdly" of the Remarks, Sermon XXII., On Man.

"They were companions of angels," saith the great New England Doctor, speaking of Adam and Eve in Paradise, "and shared their conversation, their friendship, and their joys. Alike were they free from pain, sickness, sorrow, and death; safe from fear and hatred, injustice and cruelty; and superior to meanness, sloth, intemperance, and pollution. They were also immortal; were destined to dwell in a perpetual Eden; were surrounded always by beauty, life, and fragrance: and were employed only in knowing, loving, and enjoying."

It was a pretty thought, that. I was in a sort of paradise, with a little angel for my companion; and as I gazed upon the sleeping child, I felt "no end" of benignity, universal friendship, and pure delight, in having attained to the honor of so lovely an office of superintendence.

"Yah!"

Thus remarked my darling Sammy, suddenly waking up and writhing about, and digging in a helpless, wavering manner at his eyes with his fists. At that very moment it occurred to me that really I had never had one minute's intercourse with him, and that possibly he might be an exception to the rule which I had laid down that all children liked me—in fact, he was.

I mentioned that some fiend had, doubtless, inspired me with my benevolence. As nearly as I can calculate, it was now that the said fiend did, in my opinion, leave me, and enter into that baby. As the above-mentioned suggestion about Sammy's exceptional disposition toward me arose in my mind, an expression of confusion appeared upon my [illegible] remember it accurately. This Sammy perceived as I arose, and, with what I fancied an unexceptionable demonstration of parental rapture, approached the cradle of my cubby and innocent companion angel.

"Ah, oo pooty yitty ting! Did he want to tum and see his tusen? So he should!"

I appeal to every mother's heart; is not that a first-class blandishment? I can't print the affecting drawl that I put into it, the rectitative style and *portamento di voce* with which I garnished in *secundum artem*. But as far as types will show it, I contend that the very mother of Moses, if you like, couldn't have turned out a more superior article of verbal endearment.

The baby listened with some complacency to my dulcet tones; and encouraged by my success, I thought it proper to communicate to him the peculiar circumstances which rendered me his guardian for the time. Thus, therefore, to him, I:

"Ha, pooty! Was oo mumer au gone oo church? Es oo was! An lef oo wis oo tusen Freddy (my baptismal name is Frederic) all oo mornin? Ha-a-a-a, ketcher, ketcher, ketcher, ketcher, ketcher! Ha-a-a-a prrrrrrrrr! Jiggle, jiggle, jiggle!"

Not being quite satisfied with the expression of Master Sammy's minute features during the first half of this address, I began somewhat to doubt my ability to communicate with him in language half baby and half English, and therefore I repeated my statement as above, in pure baby, as near as I can judge, pointing at him in a free and jovial manner during the words "Ha, ketcher," etc.; making a kind of swoop at him with outspread fingers during the remark, "Ha, prrr," etc; and smiling very sweetly indeed at the word "jiggle."

As I said, in spite of the profound theory and masterly execution of this manœuvre, I did not perform it without a secret and embarrassing apprehension. The evil spirit in the child—for no mere human baby could have failed to respond to such affectionate approaches—perceived this hidden misery of mine, and took instant advantage thereof; namely, by returning, not demonstrations of reciprocal affection, but what I may truly call *demon*-strations of anger, unmingled except with fear and aversion. While I spoke and stuck out my paws at him (for I will admit that my gestures may have been susceptible of that interpretation), Master Sammy preserved an ominous silence, a grave and attentive expression, and entire quiet—only opening his eyes and likewise his mouth. But no sooner had I ended, and made as though I would actually lift him from the cradle, then he looked hastily about after his mother. She not being forthcoming, a species of fearful contortion passed over his visage—his mouth opened to an extent unparalleled in my experience, occupying a space that left no room for the rest of his face, which was, therefore, shriveled or heaped up together in a little pile of wrinkles in the region of the bridge of the nose—no eyes whatever being visible, and only two little pink holes indicating the "smellatory organ," as Mrs. Baggles hath it—and from this preternatural orifice he discharged such a shriek as really hit me on the forehead and knocked me straight up again into a frightened perpendicular. It didn't stop either—it continued. I had no idea there was so much noise in any thing. This was evidently a diabolic energy. A child would have had to breathe, but this phenomenon didn't. Its whole being resolved itself into a shriek. The mere fat human baby of a moment before was transmuted into a sorcerer's thing—a kind of live Teraph; a mere Institution for the Promotion of Awful Noises.

I think I stood, astounded and incapable of action, for a minute. And really, now that I am retrospecting the thing, in what a fix was I! Well-meaning, but absurdly ignorant young bachelor that I was, how was I calculated, either by nature or art, for assuaging the dire alarms of an unweaned child—much more for dealing with such an instance of precocious demoniac possession as this? *Cloyture it* would not tell on a baby, nor *By-lo baby bunting* on an imp.

All that, however, I had no leisure to consider; and Quintus Curtius did not show more nerve and hardihood in riding into that crack in the ground of the Roman Forum than I did in stoutly bending me to the task of quieting Sammy. I may safely say, that in the wild and fearful struggle which followed, all the resources of an active mind, a vigorous and healthy body (masculine), and an excellent disposition, were nobly devoted to the work, and if I failed, it was in an attempt beyond the powers of any mere man.

I picked Sammy up, in the first place, and carried him to the window, jumbling him up and down as I went, and aiming to divert his mind by action and by speech.

"Poor itty fella! Was ee tired seepin in his tadle? Did ee want to tum and see old cock-a-doodle-doo and all ee old biddy hens? Da, see 'um! Urk, urk, u-r-r-r-k, a-chackle, chackle, chackle. Ducky go quack, quack! (Shriek continued; nurse tries other class of impressions, and jumps him vigorously up and down, accompanied with a noise similar to the following:) Ha ti deedle, deedle, deedle, dum, dum, dum, tiddy I, tiddy I, widdlety, widdlety, widdlety, widdlety, quee, quee, quee, quee, poor ittle fella, ha, ha, ha!"

"Full well I laughed, wah counterfeited glee,"

hoping that a genial sympathy might create a smile upon the "open countenance" of Sammy. Vain hope! All my jumbling only served to modify that surprising and steady yell by introducing a kind of pulsation or measured emphasis into it. My words might as well have been uttered to a drunken Sixth Warder in a row at the polls; and my hollow merriment, although its merits as an imitation did in fact make the baby stop a moment, catch breath, and look up at me, did no more. His face curled up again, and out came the yell.

I had observed, upon lifting Sammy from the cradle, that he seemed to stiffen himself in a somewhat writhen attitude, as if to resist my purpose. He now began to squirm and wriggle in a rather alarming manner, so that I fancied he might be about to indulge in the pleasing diversion of a fit. All at once I reflected that he must be hungry, and that very possibly both screeching and squirming might be referred to that cause. I accordingly placed the little one, still indefatigably howling in a manner that would have exhausted a Mohawk war-chief in three minutes, in his cradle, raked some live coals out from the buried kitchen fire, warmed some (cow's) milk in an old tin cup, watered it and sugared it according to the regulations in such case made and provided, put it in the "suck-bottle"—as I believe it is called—took a small precautionary pull at the preparation myself, found it a perfect nectar for lukewarmness, washiness, and sweetness, and proceeded to invite Master Sammy to partake, so to speak, of the festive bowl.

Lying yelling on his back, with eyes close shut and mouth wide open, he heeded not the approach of the seductive viand. I half lifted him up, but he wouldn't look. I jerked some drops into his mouth, as they "job" peppered vinegar or tomato catsup through a quill in the cruet-cork at eating-houses; but he appeared not to perceive it. I cautiously inserted the bottle into his mouth, until the tip of the sucking thing, whatever they call it, fairly poked open his epiglottis. He only gagged, writhed, and yelled on. Evidently he was not hungry; I put away the bottle.

The business grew dreadful; Sammy began to turn purple, and I to feel blue; but still he continued that wonderful and ear-torturing cry. I looked about me in forlorn and hopeless perplexity. There was a rattle—one of those coral things with half-a-dozen minute pewter sleigh-bells on it—and a penny whistle; I shook the former and blew the latter, in an industrious but rather imbecile way, near Sammy's phiz. I might as well have used the same means to scare a lioness robbed of her whelps, or a New York city alderman nosing out a job. I lifted the infant, who stiffened himself again at my touch almost into a stony arc, and shivered as a dying fish will sometimes do in the captor's hand, and with a feeble effort to preserve further the benignity and universal friendship which I had flourished so largely, and which I felt momentarily growing thinner and thinner, I sang to the child the inevitable "By-lo baby bunting," and then "Now I lay me," also the affecting ballad of "The Three Little Kittens," and as my stock of strictly juvenile literature gave out at this point, I proceeded with "Rise my soul," and one or two other hymns. These efforts were all in vain; I felt as sheepish as if I had been caught trying to sing a tornado to sleep; and my voice died away as I tried once more to raise the square-built strains of old Amsterdam, like those of "the monk, her son, and her daughter, the nun," around the coffin of the wicked old woman of Berkeley, "in a quaver of consternation."

It was at this point that my long-tried patience utterly failed; and with a sudden revulsion of wrath, I felt myself, mentally speaking, slung round into a position of absolute opposition to this terrific child; of positive anger and spite, not entirely unmingled with fear. I perfectly recollect that precisely as I was feeling myself carried away by this impulse, Sammy, who lay in a stiffish attitude, with his head well back over one arm, opened his eyes a moment. As I am a living man, the pestilent infant WINKED HIS LEFT EYE AT ME. Never tell me there wasn't a devil in that baby!

Well, it occurred to me, in this new frame of mind, that possibly I might intimidate the child, or simply out-yell and overwhelm it by sheer superiority of vociferation. So I held him up by both arms on my knee, looked right down his little, ugly, red throat, and gave him "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," in a style that would have electrified the whole British navy. It didn't discourage him at all. I tried the "Pirate's Glee," containing some fearful chromatic whining, which I made the most of; but to no end. Then I degenerated, I am afraid, into mere mindless, ignoble spitefulness; and opening my mouth again, I spent from ten to fifteen minutes in a series of the most hideous, complicated, and disgusting yells that probably it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive, until my throat felt as if I had had a peck of teasles poked into my lungs and then pulled out again. Great Cæsar's ghost! what a baby! He never flinched, nor "bated a jot of heart or hope;" he yelled away as peacefully as if nothing had happened.

But as for me, this finished me. I fancied that, under these frightful discouragements, my intellect was beginning slightly to waver. King Herod came into my mind. I thought of the great bed of live coals in the old-fashioned kitchen fireplace. Not altogether free from uneasiness as to what I might be left to do, I put Sammy into his cradle, and shut the kitchen door. Then I walked up and down the room awhile, casting looks full of sneers, fury, and contempt at the unterrified and still shrieking child. Then I stationed myself at the foot of the cradle, and delivered a long and savage invective at Sammy, as Cicero used to at his enemies—when they were out of the way—shaking my fist at him, stringing reproachful epithets together by the score, and attributing to the little wretch an early and mature degradation of character that would have satisfied the toughest of the old New England Predestinarian Calvinists.

But I quickly grew ashamed of this. Dignified indifference, I remembered, would suit me better. Besides, I recollected having heard that letting babies alone would stop their crying when everything else failed. I think it would—when they had yelled themselves to death. So I erected a sort of little fortification in the middle of the floor, of pillows and blankets, ensconced Sammy within it, stuck his rattle in his hand, took my "Dwight's Theology," and sat down again by the window to read. The first passage upon which my eye fell was within a page of that which I had been reading when these horrors began; and, like it, it seemed to bear an indistinct but decided relation to my case. It was this:

To escape from our present melancholy, stormy, bloody world, to such a state, would be to quit, for a palace of splendor and delight, the gloom of a vault, hung round with midnight, and peopled with corpses; a bedlam, where the eye of frenzy flashed, the tongue vibrated with malice, and chains clanked, in dreadful concert, to rage and blasphemy; a dungeon, haunted with crimes, teeming with curses, filled with fiends in the human shape, and opening its doors only to the gibbet and the grave.

"Aha, my boy!" I involuntarily exclaimed to Sammy. "Fiends in human shape, eh? How'll you like that place?" And I shook my fist at him. He paid no regard either to my remark or my fist.

I read on; but perplexed, wearied, and excited as I was, and with that wild alarm ever sounding in my ears, the forms upon the printed page made no impression upon my sensorium, and I turned over leaf after leaf in utter ignorance of what I read.

I had no conception of the duration of time. For what I know, Sammy squalled there a week. Once, with a grim smile, I started up, and emptied about half the milk out of the bottle, that I might permit it to be supposed he had fed to that extent. I had also mind enough left to shape a scheme of equivocation wherewith to elude the necessity of confessing the facts of the morning to my respected aunt. Otherwise, the period which supervened is a miserable blank in my recollection—nothing more, except a yell.

It was at some time in the distant future—as regards my reading of that ominous delineation of the abodes of the wicked—that the sudden noise of stamping feet, rattling wheels, and mingled voices smote upon my ear, and awakened me from a kind of awful stupor. Before I had composed my countenance my Aunt Fanny entered the room, glanced at her vociferous progeny, and bent a keen and suspicious look upon me. I fairly cowered before her—an abject thing—as miserable as if I had been taken in the act of stealing sheep from my best friend. I know my face was flushed; I know I had a hang-dog look; and I felt, to use a certain figurative expression, "like a boiled owl."

"Well, Fred," said she, in her sharp, decisive, incisive voice, "how did you get along?"

"Well," I said, feebly, "pretty well, on the whole. He cried some latterly. But, on the whole, I think he enjoyed himself."

Did I lie? I don't care much if I did. But I think he did enjoy himself.

As the people came trooping in, Sammy was apparently diverted by the noise, and "ceased firing." That is, his devil went out of him, because there was no further chance to torment me. He was very soon in the enjoyment of his stated means of support, and seemed to appreciate them fully.

"Rather hungry," said my Aunt Fanny, when he had been dining strenuously for about half an hour, and looking queerly at me.

"I'm sure," I answered, "I gave him quite a lot of milk. It's half gone, at least."

No lie *there*. I *did* give him quite a lot—quite a *small* lot. But I have always labored under the impression that my Aunt Fanny suspected that the proceedings had been a little irregular that morning. I let her think so. I didn't care to press the subject much.

I've speculated often upon the causes of that failure of mine, for it was a failure. I did everything right; why—. But I invariably fall back upon my theory of demoniacal possession. No other solution is possible.

I've formed some few conclusions upon this subject.

I don't think children like me much.

I think that the Fall of Man consisted in the becoming liable to be born, and to struggle up to maturity through the horrors of infancy. In the paradisiacal state we should all have merely come into existence, at eighteen for women and twenty for men, together with a good common-school education.

I often ask with Dr. Franklin, "What's the use of a baby?" He gave no answer; I do. A baby is providentially provided as an "awful example" for the warning of maids and bachelors, as terrific consequences universally follow great follies. It is the delirium tremens of matrimony. If you don't want to have it, let the cause alone.

Mother Ann Lee is your only true prophet. I intend to join the Shakers. I have already secured a broad-brimmed hat, and a coat of butternut brown. I can naturally sing through my nose and shake my paws about.—*Harper's Monthly.*

— The "Association for the Advancement of Science," met at Springfield last Tuesday. The *Tribune* in its account of the first and second days' proceedings, states among other facts, that "Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, Mrs. Le "Conte, and Mrs. Croswell, are centres of gravitation." Science is looking up.

— "Some Account of a Society in New York, entitled the Kappa-Lambda Association, by Sholeo Douglass, M.D.," is the name of a new book advertised for sale by Rogers, No. 327 Broadway. There was a brief description of the Society alluded to in the last number of THE SATURDAY PRESS.

IN THE SOUL'S TEMPLE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

The star I worship shines alone—
In silent grandeur set apart;
Its light, its beauty all my own,
And imaged only in my heart.

The flower I love lifts not its face
For other eyes than mine to see;
For having lost that sacred grace,
'Twould have no other charm for me.

The hopes I bear, the joys I feel,
Are silent, secret, and serene:
Pure is the shrine at which I kneel,
And Purity herself my queen.

I would not have an impious gaze
Profane the altar where are laid
My hopes of nobler, grander days,
By Heaven inspired, by Earth betrayed!

I would not have the noon-tide sky
Pour down its bold, obtrusive light,
Where all the chords of feeling lie,
Deep in the soul's celestial night.

Far from the weary strife and noise,
The tumult of the great To-Day,
I guard my own serener joys
And keep my own sequestered way.

For all that world is cursed with care;
Has nothing sacred, nothing dear;
No light, no music anywhere;—
It will not see, it will not hear.

But thou, sweet Spirit, viewless Power,
Whom I have loved and trusted long,—
In pleasure's day, in sorrow's hour,—
Muse of my life and of my song;

Breathe softly still with gentle voice,
In my soul's temple vast and dim;
In thine own secret joy rejoice,
With morning and with evening hymn!

And though my hopes around me fall
Like rain-drops in the boundless sea,
I will not think I lose them all
While yet I keep my trust in thee!

MATRIMONIAL PHILOSOPHICS.

BY A. F. BANKS.

When Mr. Smuggins married, he had fondly hoped to insure domestic bliss. Three months after that important event, he expressed his conviction, with savage earnestness, to Mrs. Smuggins—that he hadn't. If he had expected nothing *(vide* an ancient volume), he might have been a blessed individual; as it was, he was a wofully disappointed one.

Mrs. Smuggins quietly delivered a similar opinion respecting herself, and went on with her knitting with an aggravating calmness.

Mr. Smuggins walked about the room evidently under the impression that the law for "assault and battery" was both unhallowed and unconstitutional.

Suddenly he stopped. "Mrs. Smuggins—Mrs. Smuggins!" he roared, as he received no reply.

"Well, well, I hear you, man, I hear you," said that amiable lady; and she took up another loop. "What is it?"

"Am I to have a pudding for my dinner, or *not?*"

"Perhaps you may, and may be you mayn't," was his rib's unsatisfactory reply.

"Well, we'll see about that," snarled Mr. Smuggins, stamping round, and making his coat tails fly about.

"Well, my dear, you had perhaps best go and see about it; Sukey's in the kitchen." And then she dropped a stitch.

"You'd aggravate a saint, Madam," exclaimed Mr. Smuggins.

"Do saints upset chairs in that way?" was the meek inquiry.

"Mrs. Smuggins," said the male proprietor of that euphonious name, confronting his sleeping partner.

"Well."

"Will you go and make me a pudding or not?"

"No."

"You wont?"

"Don't bother me; I've told you once."

"I fancy, Mrs. Smuggins, that you entered into a compact to obey me," said her shamefully deceival lord, beating the "devil's tattoo" on his best carpet.

"I won't be ordered," was the reply. And the lady, with a great deal of dignity, picked up her traps, and flounced out of the room.

In another minute the outraged gentleman was in the kitchen. "Sukey," he said furiously, "make me a currant dumpling for dinner—plenty of currants."

"Why, sir?" replied that young lady, "here's one a 'bilin.'"

Mr. Smuggins was in the same dreadful position that we could imagine a certain Editor would be in, deprived of a "grievance." He was fairly flabbergasted—idealess, wordless, with the exception of "nonsense," which came feebly forth.

"Well, look, sir, for yourself," said Susan. "Missus made it with her own two hands an hour ago."

And there, sure enough, bobbing up and down, was a glorious sized dumpling—*the* species of dumpling on which he doated.

Considerably mollified, yet filled with the sense of a wronged husband, he proceeded to his wife's room.

"Well, madam," he began, "so it seems there is a pudding after all."

"*Is* there?" was the echo.

"Yes, madam, and it is lucky for you that there *is*."

"Is it really?" was the provocative response.

"Yes, madam, *it—is*. In fact, you dared not, no, Mrs. Smuggins, dared not have disobeyed me. You knew that it was made, and wanted to give me a specimen of your infernal cantancourousness."

"In-deed!" replied Mrs. Smuggins with a suspicious emphasis. "Now, if you don't leave the room, *I* will; all that I've got to say is, that I won't be *ordered*." And she went to another room, slammed the door, and locked it. Mr. Smuggins, boiling over with indignation, consoled himself as he went down-town with the fact that he had gained his point, and that his pudding was boiling too.

Dinner-time came, and so did our injured husband. (Dinner's the thing to bring 'em home.) He sat down, said nothing, looked daggers, and pretended to quarrel with the tenderest of tenderloins. The fact was, however, that he was preserving an enormous corner for the dumpling.

The dumpling came. Mr. Smuggins undid the lower button, drew himself half a foot nearer to his work, and handed his plate, saying gruffly—"Give me some of that."

"You can have it all, my dear," was the mild acquiescence of his wife, as she pushed the dish towards him.

Mr. Smuggins took off the cover. He turned pale. "What's this?" he shouted.

"The pudding, my dear," was the reply.

"What the —— have you been doing to it?" he frantically demanded.

"I rolled it in the ashes, my sweet love. You know you said this morning that I dared not disobey you. No more I have, dear. There's your pudding—eat it." The specimen of conjugal obedience disappeared suddenly out of the room, with a hearty laugh. It was lucky for her that the door was on her side, and had been left ajar expressly for a prompt exit.

Mr. Smuggins said many a highly immoral thing on the impulse of the moment; however, he was too much of a philosopher to let his pudding cool; so he cut it open, and scooped out the middle.

He then went down town, and gave a little boy a lick on the head for presuming to slip down against him.

He didn't go home to supper. He got that at Thompson's, and then went to the theatre. About ten o'clock, something in the play seemed to tickle his fancy amazingly, for he scratched his head as though an idea had suddenly taken root there, and smiled. Hamlet touched the conscience of a king with a play; had a play touched the conscience of Thomas Smuggins? It looked like it, to judge from analogy; for the king alluded to didn't depart quicker than he did. The main difference between Mr. Smuggins and the crowned blackguard was, that the former made his exit with a grin on his phiz, and the latter didn't.

Mr. Smuggins carried his smile home with him, and up to his bed-room, where Mrs. Smuggins was making paradoxical preparations (by debarrassing herself of her luggage) for a trip to Blanket Bay.

"Deuce take it," said he, a few minutes afterwards, with an "Olive-branch" creak in his tone. "I say, Mary, do you know where my nightcap is? If you do, I wish you'd get it for me, that's a good girl."

"To be sure I will, Thomas," was the hearty response. "Ah! here it is."

"Thank you, thank you."

"Look here, Thomas," said Mary, laying her hand gently on his arm, "we had words to-day; I hope they will never happen again. We haven't been together very long, and we may as well just make up our minds to start straight, or we shall be coming in some day or other most confoundedly crooked. I promised to love you; and I do, dearly. I promised to honor you; well, I do. I also promised to obey you; now, Thomas, ask me to do anything in my power, in reason, or almost out of reason, as you asked me to get your nightcap, and I'll do it, gladly and unmurmuringly. But, if you ask me to do anything as you asked me to make that pudding—'*Go!* and make a pudding!' I won't do it. I will obey you, Tom, but I won't be *ordered*."

"There, now! keep still! nuff 'ced," came merrily from Tom's lips, as he closed hers with a thrilling kiss.

He put on his nightcap, blew out the light, jumped into bed, and, overcome by the contending emotions of that eventful day, both were almost immediately heard to snore in blissful unison.

MORAL.

Wives.—Let Mrs. Smuggins be your model.

Husbands.—It is no disgrace to be ruled on certain points by a Mrs. Smuggins.

THE TWADDLE OF BUSINESS.

There is, to our ear, no twaddle so insufferable as that which has begun to be so rife in large cities like New York, where money is the chief end of man, and where, therefore, only so-called business (or those peculiar and distinct Wall street operations by which money is, more or less honestly, made) is considered the legitimate sphere of occupation. Why, these people have come to consider everybody who occupies himself with anything else than merchandise, or shaving notes, or speculating in stocks, as a sort of fancy people, who live by their wits, in a hand-to-mouth, shiftless kind of way! At least is this true as to literary and art persons, who are nothing short of an equivocal, dreamy, useless kind of folk, that live and die in a garret; and who, being of no money-account in Wall street, are of no account anywhere.

And yet this very merchant or capitalist who struts Wall street—what would he do without his daily paper, and how would his up-town house look without a book, a picture, or an engraving in it?—albeit, the book be never opened—the picture, directly before his eyes on the wall, never seen!

Even regarded from a money point of view, one would think that an artist who paints in a year a picture like Church's "Heart of the Andes," for which he promptly refuses ten thousand dollars, expecting, justly, to realize twenty before he parts with it; or an author like Dickens or Thackeray, to whom twenty thousand dollars a year is no very extraordinary pay for scribbling; or a composer like Meyerbeer or Verdi, whose earnings are similarly grandiose; or even a poor devil of a singer, who makes his thousand dollars or more a month, clear money—that such people would command the respect of old Firkin. But no—his eyes are blinded to such results. He thinks there must be some *hocus pocus* in the matter, and that it can never be clear money in hand—at all events, the method in which it was made was not *legitimate*.

Legitimacy of occupation, in the Wall street sense, includes in its signification (with much that is noble, and elevated, and admirable) not a little that is mean, and sordid, and avaricious, and contemptible—not to say dishonest and positively criminal.

We often look at these so-called hardworking "business" folk, too, and contrast their ideas of hard-work with those of a writer, a painter, a composer, or any of the so-considered fancy tribe. Your writer, who sits in one spot three, or four, or five, or even six hours on a stretch, not exercising a merely inferior mechanical power of calculation, but that far higher power of actual invention, which so wrings and exhausts the brain—your artist, who stands before his canvas till he is ready to drop there—your composer, whose musical score, with its myriads of notes, blinds the eyes and wears out the life—even your poor technical student of music, who is training his fingers into those miracles of rapidity and combination by the eight hours (as we have known them to do) consecutively: these are mere idlers—according to Firkin's ideas.

But now look at Firkin himself, and his salesmen and clerks. Bounding our vision to the New York horizon, see them sailing down the cool side of Broadway on a fine Summer's morning (the cool side of an omnibus containing a large proportion of them), snuffing the breeze that sweeps up from the bay, over the battery, and throwing open their light Summer coats to catch it, perhaps smoking their aromatic Havana weed, and altogether in a state of great delectability. See them arrive at their spacious and cool warehouses, or at their comfortably-furnished and luxurious counting-rooms, seat themselves in leather-cushioned arm-chairs, put their feet up, peruse the morning papers, the while their clerks outside, behind or beside the dry-goods boxes, absorb themselves in "What will he do with it," or "Love me little, love me long," or Lord Dufferin's "Yacht Voyage." This, or the like of it, we protest we have time and again seen them do—aye, within these few weeks, during a chance perambulation through the "business" quarters of New York. Perhaps customers come in: perhaps (particularly during the Summer solstice) they don't. Twelve o'clock brings the saunter to Downing's, or Delmonico's, and thereupon the claret cobbler, or the mint-julep, with Delmonico's newly-contrived beef or lobster salad—perhaps the pastry, with which half Young America is ruining its stomach. From lunch to dinner-time is a pleasant and luxurious amalgam of a saunter on 'Change, cigars, chat, a stroke or two of business—and et cetteras. Then flow the tide of these hard-worked and over-worked *luminous* men up-town again to luxurious dinners, drives, and evening entertainments.

Business?—twaddle! Let many a representative of the so-called fancy people give them the first idea of the true significance of that word—if the sense of it have any affinity with industry!—*Willis's Musical World.*

— Somebody has defined glory to be "getting killed in battle, and having your name spelt wrong in the papers."

Special Notices.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS at Boosey's Bookstore, No. 827 Broadway, where Subscriptions, Communications, Advertisements, etc., will be received.

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FORT WILLIAM HENRY HOTEL, LAKE GEORGE, will open for the reception of Guests on
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The steamer MINNEHAHA, CAPTAIN GALE, will commence her regular trips, in connection with the steamers on Lake Champlain, and Railroad to Saratoga, on the first day of June.

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The N. Y. Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1859.

NOTICE.

We take pleasure in announcing that G. H. Avery Esq., of Owego, N. Y., is associated in the proprietorship and business management of the New York Saturday Press.

A RECOMMENDATION.

We recommend all persons who have a natural taste for the slaughter of their fellow beings, to become directors of railroads, as in that case they can indulge their bloody propensities without incurring the risk of being hanged. Witness the massacre at Schaghticoke, last Tuesday, by the Directors of the Northern Railroad, not one of whom has the slightest chance of reaching the scaffold.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

My Piazza, Aug. 5, 1859.

Mr. Printer:—No more subterfuges. The excuse you vamped up last week for lack of editorial matter, was very ingenious, but was not, after all, "up to the emergency." The simple truth is that Meriam, with his "heated term," has taken all the life out of me; for here have I been picking my brains, seven hot days and nights, for the wherewith to make up what you call a "leader," and am as far from it at this sweltering moment as I was when you last went to press.

And what on earth would you have me write about? The War? I had my say about that—and, in fact, said all there was to be said—a month ago. Do print it again. Here it is, as straightforward and solemn as an Old Testament Prophesy:

The War.

We desire to place upon record our deliberate opinion that the worse than demoniac war now raging in Europe will not result, directly or indirectly, in giving liberty to Italy.

No one who has watched the infamous career of Louis Napoleon can suppose, for one moment, that the cause of liberty has a single attraction for him.

His only object in going to war with Austria is to extend his own dominion and power.

His solemn and repeated oaths to the contrary go for nothing.

So far as is known, he has never yet taken an oath which he has not deliberately and wantonly violated.

In fact, he is known as the Great Prince-Perjurer of Europe.

So far as liberty is concerned, he dare not trust even his own subjects with it; and nothing is more certain than that his special plea that they are not yet prepared for it, will be used hereafter as an excuse for oppressing the people of Italy.

Now what do you want better than that? It tells the whole truth (as it has turned out) in a nutshell.

Do you think me very sagacious and knowing for having said such things? If so, you are as great a blockhead as any "Able Editor" in the country. I knew Louis Napoleon to be a "base, bad man," and had no reason, therefore, to anticipate anything good from him. His oath is worth less than his word, and his word is not worth anything. Moreover, hatred of freedom is the one passion of his life. Freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of suffrage, freedom of every kind is abhorrent to him. There's not a man in France who dares say his soul is his own: and if Louis Napoleon had his way, every man in Europe would be in the same condition. Not long since he tried to suppress free speech in Switzerland, in Belgium, and even in England. And just now he is trying the same game throughout Italy.

A pretty man he to talk of Italian Independence!

And yet, nearly every Able Editor in America was humbugged by him, and in consequence they are all now taking the back track. The efforts which the *Daily Times* is making to "elbow" itself out of the difficulty, are more amusing than anything in *Punch*.

The English Able Editor is in the same fix. It is curious to see the "high moral ground" he takes just now as to putting our trust in princes. The very flunkeys of the metropolis laugh at him.

And yet it is these same Able Editors, all over the world—these blind leaders of the blind—who undertake to form and direct public opinion!

When will the people see through them?

During the continuance of the war, the Saturday Press was besieged and pestered by a swarm of correspondents who, in imitation of the *Times*, *Herald*, etc., were bent on lauding up Louis Napoleon as the Saviour of Society, the Apostle of Liberty, the great Military Hero of the Age, etc., etc., ad nauseum. And all this when, since Louis Napoleon's advent to the imperial throne, there have not been a hundred intelligent men in all France (out of office) who have not been ashamed to call themselves Frenchmen.

The talk about his having over and again received the all but unanimous suffrages of the people, is pure, unmitigated falsehood. Since the infamous coup d'état (the accompanying horrors of which have never been written) there has not been a free vote cast in France. The whole nation has been living under a reign of terror. All the pretended ovations to the Emperor have been inventions of the imperial press. He has never been received in France—or in any other prominent city in Paris—with the least enthusiasm. In fact, he is secretly despised by every Frenchman in the world. Knowing this, he has filled the land with spies, and made any discussion of his character, private or public, a criminal offence.

The Parisian sipping his demi-tasse at the Café de Paris, and gossipping about the affairs of the day, dare not allude to politics, lest the very servant who waits upon him, should report what he says to the police. The newspaper that so much as hints an objection to the imperial régime, instantly receives an official warning, and if the offence is repeated, the editor is subjected to a heavy fine and his journal suppressed.

And this is the most enlightened country in Europe!

My dear printer, I spent over three years in France under the reign of Louis Napoleon, and during that whole time I pledge you my word I never met a Frenchman, in any class of society, who didn't look upon him as what Carlyle calls a "solemnly constituted im-"postor."

The same is true to-day.

Yours, as much as anybody's, in this hot weather.

H. C., Jr.

Correspondence.

THE IDYLS OF THE KING.

Mr. Editor: Those of your readers who have perused Mr. Tennyson's new poem, and are interested in verbal matters, may be able to give you more information than I can on the following points:

1st. Should it be "Idyls," as we spell it, or "Idylls," as the English spell it? The word is derived from the Greek word *eidullion*. The Greek u always becomes y in English; but should we drop the double l?

2d. Tennyson seems to have tried to make his language resemble the simplicity of the old classic writers. The thought is clear and expressed in the simplest way, with, let me add, a wondrous melody of versification.

Compare the poem in these respects with any of Mr. Browning's, ye who prove, by your admiration of Mr. Browning's English run mad, the truth of the old adage, "omne ignotum pro magnifico."

In carrying out his idea, however, Tennyson has used some words that are so old as to have become obsolete, and which, to other than the readers of old English literature, require explanation. I have noted three instances:

> "Full seldom does a man repent, or use
> Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
> Of blood and custom wholly out of him."—p. 84.

I find in the dictionaries only "*quitch-grass*," upon which Webster has the following: "Properly quick-grass, probably from its vigorous growth, or the difficulty of eradicating it." Is, then, a vicious quitch a vicious habit of quick growth and hard of eradication? I have not been able to find the word used by any one else.

On page 94 we have the following:

> "——'a lobe
> Of sanicle about price, that more expressed
> Than had her, clung about her *lissome* limbs."

The dictionaries give the following definitions of lissome: "limber, supple, relaxed, loose." Worcester says it is "local English," and Webster says it comes from the Saxon "*leasn*, to loose." Chaucer uses the verb "to lesse," as signifying to loose, to ease. Tennyson seems to use the word as meaning loose in the sense of wanton, rather than relaxed, as he applies the same adjective to Vivien herself, the owner of the samite robe and the "lissome limbs" it covered.

> "Till *rathe* the rose, half cheated in the thought."—p. 146.

Tooke, in the "Diversions of Purley," has the following: "In English we have rath, rather, rathest; which are simply the Anglo-Saxon *rath*, *rather*, *rathost*—celer, velox" (quick, swift). And he quotes from Spenser:

> "Too *rathe* cut off by practice criminal"—
> "The *rather* lambs been starved with drouth"—

and from Milton:

> "Bring the *rathe* primrose that forsaken dies"—

adding: "By the quotations of Johnson, Newton, and Warton, from Spenser, May, Bolton, Davison, and Bastard, a reader would imagine that the word *rathe* was very little authorised in the language, and that it was necessary to hunt diligently in obscure holes and corners for an authority."

By this explanation we not only get at Tennyson's meaning in the line under consideration, but also at the origin of our word *rather*: I would *rather* do this than that—I would *quicker* do this than that. X.

LETTER FROM SARATOGA.

Amiable Press:—After the *Herald's* sarcastic criticism of "watering-place literature," who will dare to date a letter from mineral-spring or fashionable sea-side? But though it seems an unavoidable recurrence that "Our Own Correspondent" should describe all the least interesting incidents of his journey at full length, and with the evident purpose of "filling out"—and though it is true that his letters seldom convey news, and always announce that "this is the fullest season ever "known, the hotels never having been so crowded," etc., yet there is a better reason for his writing the usual catalogue of repetitions than the *Herald* gives for printing it: it is, not only that "really a great many "people" want to know what is thought about them, but because there is a large number of persons who like to "read, ponder, and inwardly digest" just such correspondence, preparatory to choosing their "Villegiatura." The ladies, particularly, read every item with never-flagging interest, especially so when something piquant is said of Miss A——b, or Miss C——d, which vulgar proceeding is, happily, becoming less frequent. What, for instance, can be more indelicate than the Newport letter in *Harper's* of last week. After speaking of Mrs. P——l as "always graceful, pret-"ty, and *well-dressed*," it mentions where "*neatle* the "lovely B——ds," and adds, to a young lady whose appearance as an equestrienne it is pleased to praise: "Graceful, lightsome lady, we must have more than "this brief glance at you!" Now, complimentary as the unexpressed thought might have been, what person of refinement could be pleased to hear it spoken of herself, to the public at large? And it promises that "all shall have their turn in these pages." How considerate! But to return to the *Herald*: It supposes that the motive of "such flocks of wealthy families" in visiting the fashionable Summer resorts, cannot be love of enjoyment, because, it thinks, "nothing can "be more vapid, tiresome, or fatiguing, than the lives "which they lead there." This can be true of those only who lead no other life anywhere else: he who does so here acts from choice.

To be sure, "Personne" (who seems to be "suppressed" again this week) fled the place for fear of being driven to suicide; and Brignoli has gone to Newport, because the climate is so favorable to his "ut." Gazzaniga preceded him there a day or two, after defraying her expenses here by the successful concert she gave at the St. Nicholas Hall. Herr Mayer displayed a pronunciation equally correct in Italian, French, and German songs, and in response to a well-merited encore, accompanied his own song on the piano, having proven himself a good linguist and an excellent musician. The comic airs of Sr. Albites were unpretentious and amusing. Mme. Gazzaniga was rather nervous at first, though the signs of her modesty were less perceptible in her voice than in her blushing cheeks. She sang Donisetti's dramatic piece, "The Mother and her Dying Child," with such thrilling emphasis, and her whole soul seemed so completely absorbed in the fearful situation, that as she sang the last note, an old lady murmured, "My, that's awful!" and several seconds elapsed before the audience recovered from its abstraction to applaud; but *then*, what a "storm" it was! Saturday evening, at the United States Hotel, an entertainment was given of some twelve or fifteen tableaux vivants, the first this season,—"Love at First Sight," "Taking the Veil," "Life Among the Quakers," "Three Phases of Country Life," etc. "Life Among the Quakers" was very funny; the "males" and "females" were first seen sitting apart, eyes bent down, hands demurely crossed—then the gradual approach, the shy sheep's eyes and bowering smile, until the final walking off arm-in-arm, all so quaker-like, were most amusingly contrived. Munck and his band were to have had a benefit, Monday evening; but one night last week, during a German cotillon, the clock struck eleven, and as they are not bound, it seems, to play after that hour, they stopped the music in the midst of the dance. The requests of the animated dancers for a figure or two more being disregarded by the independent band, or its usually good-humored leader, not a name was subscribed for their benefit night, except by *two*, and they "outsiders." Consequently the only *benefit* they receive is that derived from the lesson. If they *profit* by it, it will be notwithstanding the high price they pay for it. Having pointed a moral, I remain,

Yours, religiously, Dollops.

Saratoga, August 3, 1859.

One Thing and Another.

— The cornerstone of the new Western Pennsylvania Insane Asylum was laid on the Backhouse farm near Pittsburgh, on the 19th inst. This institution is pleasantly located on the Ohio, on the line of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad.

— The *Société Impériale de Médecine, Chirurgie, & Pharmacie*, of Paris, offers prizes of 300 francs for the best essays "On the Value of Caustics in Treatment for Cancer," and "On the Influence of Cultivation on Vegetables used for Medical Purposes." The essays for the first subject to be delivered on or before the 1st of January, 1860, and for the second, on or before January 1861.

— The Boston *Courier* describes London as "that "respectable, but not very enlightened metropolis." That's Boston way up to the "hub,"

— Mr. C. Mansing advertises in the *N. Y. Clipper* that he will "play the Jews'-harp against L. Trogue or "any other person for a wager from $150 to $500 a side." Why don't he make an engagement to play on his favorite instrument at some Synagogue?

— The lots for erecting a new and spacious church for the Rev. Mr. Beecher, situated on the Heights, near Remsen and Hicks street, Brooklyn, have long since been purchased, but no progress has been made toward building the edifice. The subscribers are divided in opinion as to the feasibility of locating the church at so great a distance from Fulton Ferry, and so far from the principal railroad-lines. Some are in favor of purchasing the Baptist church in Pierrepont street, contending that the location will be much more eligible than the site already selected. So far, everything in connection therewith appears to be at a standstill.

— In Richmond, Va., there is a great religious revival among the colored population. The *Whig* thus describes the scene in one of their churches:

The front doors were locked, and we could only hear from the outside the rapid, undulating, exhortative voice of the colored preacher within, who was praying in behalf of the "hardened sinners" whom he addressed. At length the doors were opened, and on entering the building we discovered that most of the congregation were standing. They had commenced singing "Hallelujah," and appeared to be very much excited. The pastor, Rev. George W. Nolly, walked to and fro in the pulpit during the continuance of the singing. The women appeared to be more affected than the men, and kept time with the hymn by swaying their bodies in a dance-like motion. Salutations were exchanged among them, and those who clasped hands kept them in motion, under the influence of the excitement caused by the prayers and hymns.

— A Methodist and Quaker having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist knelt down and prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he rose, the Quaker observed, "Really, friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

— A census-taker once called upon the mother of a family in California, and asked her how many children she had. The mother replied that she really couldn't tell; but there was one thing of which she was certain, "The measles got among the children once, but there wasn't enough of measles to go round!"

— The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has addressed a circular to his clergy, calling upon them, as soon as possible, to pronounce from their pulpits "a strong warning against the opera, the theatre, circus, and other amusements of a similar nature," which, he says, are now a real scandal to that city and the country districts. We commend the Bishop to the prompt attention of his semi-Catholic brother, the Rev. Dr. Bellows.

— A traveller says that if he were asked to describe the first sensations of a camel-ride, he would say: "Take a music-stool, and having wound it up as high as it will go, put it in a cart without springs, get on top, and next drive the cart transversely across a ploughed field, and you will then form some notion of the terror and uncertainty you would experience the first time you mounted a camel."

— A wild wag of a feller, in London, by the name of Thornton, one day got up during services and walked out of church, making rather a prominent display of a gold-headed cane. The vicar, a well-known eccentric character, with a wooden leg—the result of his love of fox hunting—immediately pounced upon him in this wise: "Pull that cane from under your arm, my young friend, and throw it away. There are no gold headed canes in heaven." Whereupon, Thornton, turning round, quickly replied, "Pull that stick of wood out of your pants, my old friend, and throw it away. There are no wooden legs in heaven!"

— There is a man in Connecticut who has such a hatred for everything appertaining to monarchy that he wont wear a crown to his hat.

— The Kansas constitutional convention has voted, 28 to 21, to give women the same voice in school matters as men; that in all school-elections and the exercise of all the duties of school-officers there shall be no distinction between women and men.

— Two or three years ago, during a season of illness, Mr. Choate was visited by one of his friends, who urged upon him the importance of paying more attention to his health. "Sir," said the visitor, "you must go away; if you continue your professional labors thus, you will certainly undermine your constitution." Mr. Choate looked up, and with that grave irony and peculiar twinkle of the eye which were so marked and indescribable, when he jested, said: "Sir, the constitution was destroyed long ago; I am now living under the by-laws."

— The Rev. J. C. Gangooly, the somewhat famous Brahmin preacher, who was recently quite a "lion" among the visitors at Saratoga, was refused a place at the table of the Glen House on account of his color, while on a visit to the White Mountains the other day. The Boston *Transcript*, which publishes a communication from the insulted and incensed Brahmin, says that he is about the color of Tom Corwin of Ohio and Senator Hamlin of Maine, and does not look so much like one of the African race as Senator Pearce of Maryland.

— Boston is said to be so called from the fact of its being the boss-town of the Union. The proposition to change its name to Braintown, though favored by the Mutual Admiration Society, is not likely to be adopted.

— From "A Good Fight,"—the story by Charles Reade, now appearing in "Once a Week," with illustrations by Millais,—we make the following extract, as a new and original view of the Theatre-question. The hero attends the representation of a "Mystery" during the middle ages:

In this representation divine personages too sacred for me to name here, came clumsily down from heaven to talk sophistry with the cardinal virtues, the nine muses, and the seven deadly sins, all present in human shape, and not unlike one another. To enliven which weary stuff in rattled the prince of the power of the air, and an imp that kept molesting him and buffeting him with a blackier, at each thwack of which the crowd were in ecstacies. When the vices had uttered good store of obscenity and the virtues twaddle, the celestials, including the nine muses, went gingerly back to heaven one by one; for there was but one cloud; and two artisans worked it up with its supernatural freight, and worked it down with a winch, in full sight of the audience. These disposed of, the bottomless pit opened and flamed in the centre of the stage; the carpenters and virtues shoved the vices in, and the virtues and Beelzebub and his tormentor danced merrily round the place of eternal torture to the fife and tabor. This entertainment was vetit by the Bishop of Ghent for the diffusion of religious sentiment by the aid of the senses, and was an average specimen of theatrical exhibitions so long as they were in the hands of the clergy. But, alas! in course of time the laity conducted plays, and so the theatre, my reverend friends inform me, has become profane.

Love-Matters.

— The New York correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* says, that the Señor O., whose approaching nuptials were alluded to in the *Tribune* last week, is "no less a person than Esteban St. Cruz Oviedo, of Cuba, and the fair American is Miss Fanny Bartlett, daughter of Capt. Bartlett, of Maine, late of the U. S. Navy. The gentleman is one of the richest residents of the sunny island, reputed to be worth about $4,000,000. He owns two large sugar plantations, worked by some 2,100 negroes, and a large number of houses and lots in the city of Havana. Many of your readers who have wintered in Washington, will doubtless recollect the fairy form, winning face, charming manners, and delightful conversational powers of Miss Bartlett (still in her "teens"), eminent among the crowd of belles who flutter in the gay *salons* of the Federal metropolis. The millionaire Señor has been, of late years, a frequent visitor to this city and to the fashionable watering-places North, and it is quite unnecessary, in this match-making world, to say that he has been an especial favorite with ambitious mammas, belonging to the real and accredited "upper-ten." But the "hour and the woman" had not come for the Señor until last New Year's day, when he met the fair heroine of this true tale, and surrendered at discretion. The preparations for the wedding are quite Oriental in their magnificence, and would have delighted the gorgeous author of *Vathek*, whose gem-dropping pen could alone do justice to them. What say you to $600,000 worth of jewelry to begin with? But the lavish outlay of the bridegroom does not stop here. The most cunning artificers of Paris are now at work upon the bridal jewels and decorations, which will cost another hundred thousand, and among which is a wreath of emerald leaves, diamonds, and sapphire flowers, destined to bind upon the queenly head a thousand-dollar nuptial veil. But I will not task your imagination by dwelling further upon these dazzling particulars. The wedding will take place about the middle of August—first in Grace church, to suit the Protestant inclinations of the bride and her family, and afterward at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The happy couple will forego the usual foreign tour, and settle down at once in a palatial residence in Fourteenth street, where a series of brilliant receptions will inaugurate the honeymoon. I had forgotten to say, and will now add by way of winding up the paragraph, that a sister of the bridegroom testifies her cordial appreciation of her brother's choice by sending on a little bridal present worth $100,000 to her future sister-in-law."

— A most extraordinary affair occurred in Jasper county, Indiana, last week. An old man named William Haskins, aged seventy, married an old lady of almost the same age, named Anna Mead. Twenty-seven years before they were man and wife; with a family of five children. Becoming dissatisfied at the time, they separated, and, hearing nothing of each other for years, both married again. But both being left alone, after the death of their partners, and coming together thus late in life, they concluded to travel the little journey that was left, together.

— According to the last census of Utah, there were 388 men with eight or more wives, 730 men with five wives, 1,100 with four, and 2,400 with more than one wife. Recapitulation—4,617 men, with about 16,500 wives!

— If a young lady "throws herself away," understand she has married for love; if she is "comfortably settled," understand that she married a wealthy old man whom she hates.

— In Hartford and its vicinity, connubial felicity seems not to proceed without difficulties. Eleven divorces were granted at the July term of the Superior Court in that Puritanic city.

— The Hon. Daniel E. Sickles and wife have been regaling themselves recently with a "clerical supe."

— *The Buffalo Express* says a woman named Louise Scrivens, the wife of a canal-boat captain, getting tired last Saturday of lying idle in port, waiting for her liege lord and superior officer to finish up a spree in which he had been engaged several days while the boat was loaded and ready for a start, had him arrested and locked up, with the understanding that he should be released Monday (last) night; and then, leaving $3 in the hands of an officer to be given him when he was sobered and set free, to pay his fare to Rochester, where he could overtake her, she started eastward with the craft, assuming the command, and transacting all the business of clearance, etc.

— Fanny Fern says she "once had a narrow escape from being a minister's wife." What an escape for the minister!

— A baby was abandoned in New York on Tuesday, with a piece of paper pinned to the child's dress, containing the following lines: "Pray be kind to Little 'Orphan Sam,' 5 Weeks old, born to aristocratic parents, both very handsome, left to your charity by an Aching heart. A Mother, but his Mother not any more."

— The latest case of scandal is that of one of our wealthy city merchants, who found a deficit of $10,000 in the account of one of his clerks. He called the defaulter to account, and told him that if the money was not at once returned he would arrest and expose him. The clerk mildly informed his employer that he reckoned he should not return the cash, and that he further concluded that he had a sufficient offset. "Offset!" said the merchant; "what do you mean by offset?" "I mean my wife," returned the clerk. Not another word was said about the $10,000.

— An extraordinary case is before Judge Culver, at Brooklyn, N. Y., involving the good name and happiness of an interesting family. A lady came to Brooklyn five years ago, who represented herself to be a widow from Mobile. She had a mulatto boy with her, whom she represented as the child of a favorite servant. She was young and beautiful, and was wooed and won by a New York merchant, with whom she has lived happily, and given birth to two beautiful children. Recently the peace of the happy family has been broken by the appearance of a colored man from St. Louis, who claims that the woman is his divorced wife, and has sued for the recovery of the mulatto boy as his child. The lady denies the statement, and declares it a plot to destroy her peace; but the colored man insists that he shall bring abundant testimony from St. Louis, to sustain his account of the matter. He says that he procured the divorce from her because of her infidelity to him, and that until recently he supposed she had died in Europe. While the suit is pending, the lady and her present husband are in great anxiety and distress.

— A Miss Davis has commenced a suit against a dry-goods dealer, in Troy, for breach of promise, laying the damages at $10,000.

— The wife of a broker, in Columbus, Ohio, having cause to suspect the fidelity of her husband, repaired, a few days ago, to the house of a woman whom she believed to be the recipient of his attentions, and exclaiming, "You have dishonored my bed!" attacked her with a knife, inflicting several severe wounds. The woman finally rallied, however, and succeeded in ejecting her assailant.

— The Milwaukee *News* is responsible for the following:

On the 4th of July a heavy business man of Boston—one of the well-off merchants of that city—was married there to a handsome young lady, of Boston. He was rich, doing a good business, and forty years of his life had passed before he saw Miss ——, the daughter of his lawyer, and married her. On the morning of the 5th, they started on a Western collecting tour, and last week arrived in this city and put up at the Newhall. On this short trip the rose had greatly faded from her cheek, and sadder had turned her eye. No one knows the cause, but last Monday they visited a lawyer of this city, and signed papers agreeing forever to separate—each to go where fancy or inclination might lead, and henceforth to be as strangers to each other. He settled upon her Boston property to the amount of $30,000, gave her besides $1000 in cash, and yesterday she left for Boston. Both parties were well educated, handsome, and apparently well-fitted for each other's society, but some cause, unknown to outsiders, led to the above results.

— The New York correspondent of the *Charleston Courier* tells the following pretty story about a pretty maid servant: "A most amusing illustration of the attractiveness of certain people, and of the infatuation of others, occurred the other day. A young man from one of the interior States, having come to town, thought it but right and proper that he should pay his respects to a family with whom some members of his own had been well acquainted. He got himself up regardless of expense, and having shaved and been shampooed at Phalon's, and having dined at the St. Nicholas, he started to call upon his aristocratic, but unfamiliar friends. Ringing the bell, a very handsome young woman came to the door and let him in. Upon inquiry as to whether the 'folks were at home,' he was informed that they were not, but that they had been out of town some time, and would be absent all Summer. The young man was fresh from the country, and could not distinguish the lady from the lady's maid. Having heard his sister describe Miss B——, he made up his mind that the person before him was none other than she whom he had called to see. The maid servant denied the soft impeachment, but he would have it that she was only playing off. He had a night or two before been to see 'She Stoops to Conquer' at one of our theatres. The maid-servant, finding it impossible to undeceive the young man from the country, invited him into the parlor. They spent the evening very pleasantly together, the ready and spirited conversation of the servant convincing her visitor that she had been playing an assumed part. He thought that she was intelligent and handsome enough to be the daughter of the proprietors, if she were not. Under this conviction, he went to his hotel, not, however, until he had assured her that he would call again, and his sleep was, of course, sweetened by pleasant dreams. His visits were frequent and constant. And although he has since satisfied himself that the young woman whom he saw was a maid-servant, and not the young lady of the house, his interest in her has increased to such an extent that he has formally proposed marriage. He is honest in his intentions, and well-to-do in the world, and of course she will have him. This marriage will, or should, create quite as much talk as that soon to take place between the millionaire Spaniard and the daughter of a gentleman late a Lieutenant in the Navy."

— A Salt Lake correspondent notices the remarkable fact that the institution of polygamy is becoming unpopular among the Mormons since the recent large emigration from the States, and that Brigham Young is beset with applications for bills of divorce. In consequence of this state of affairs, the "Prophet" has issued orders to suspend the ceremony of "sealing" for the present.

— The following advertisement from an Ohio paper speaks for itself:

"Last week a Mr. Fitz Noodle, fresh from some of the Eastern watering places, ran off with a nurse-girl at the Ohio White Sulphur, probably imagining—as we judge from his clandestine flight,—that she was a wife and mother. Any intelligence with regard to the young woman—whose name was Nancy Jones—will be thankfully received, as she carried off her mistress's jewelry. Address John Williams,
Ohio White Sulphur.

— Thomas McCarty, No. 65 Greenwich street, was arrested last week for biting off his wife's ear.

— Booth, editor of the Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, is on trial for the betrayal and ruin of a respectable young girl of 14 years of age, whom he induced to visit his house to be the companion of his children, one day when his wife was gone into the country.

— A man named Bullard, of Rochester, left his wife and family, some months since, for parts unknown. He took a paramour with him, and left a large number of I. O. U.'s in the hands of confiding creditors. He went to California, and took up his abode in Folsom City, passing off his paramour as his wife, and is moving among the "first families!"

— The Newport correspondent of the Providence *Evening Press*, in a letter dated August 1, says:

On Saturday last there was an extraordinary fluttering among the fashionables upon learning that the beautiful and gifted Cora de Wilhorst had been compelled to apply for the intervention of the police to terminate certain maltreatment to which she had been subjected by her husband, the so-called Count.

— A gentleman in Ohio, who died recently, bequeathed to his wife a handsome sum, providing in his will that in case she married again it should be doubled!

— A loving mother the other day had occasion to slightly chastise her "Charley," a wee bit of a boy, for some offence he had committed. The flaggellation having been administered, Charley sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, apparently brooding over his wrongs. At length he broke out with the following stunner: "Murzer, I wish pa'd get anozzer housekeeper; I've got tired of seein' you 'round!"

— A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* says that a number of ladies were present and aided in the execution of the negro hung by a mob for rape last week, and that one lady put the rope about his neck.

— A medical correspondent in Maryland says: "The only professional news that our neighborhood affords at this time is, that we have had an extraordinary epidemic of twins. During the last five months, within an area of three or four miles (in the country), where usually there is not more than one pair a year, we have had thirteen pairs! In some instances, three or four pairs in the immediate vicinity of each other. This sudden increase in our local population is as unaccountable as extraordinary. Every patient now who is brought to the bed of labor appears as naturally to expect twins as at other seasons their coming would surprise them."

— It is reported that Gerrit Smith has invited Mr. and Mrs. Sickles to make him a visit, provided they will agree to retire every evening at nine o'clock, and give their united support in future to Evangelism, Bloomerism, vegetarianism, abolitionism, free-soilism, mesmerism, spiritualism, phrenologism, psychologism, teetotalism, Trinitarianism, monogamism, hydropathism, cynicism, socialism, comeouterism, and the shorter catechism!

— Proposals were opened on Saturday at the Comptroller's office, for the erection of an institution for foundlings, to be built in Lexington avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets. Eleven bids were received, the lowest of which was $32,000. As the appropriation for the building is only $25,000, the bids had to be rejected. It is now proposed to cut down the specifications and readvertise for bids. The want of an institution of the nature and scope this promises to be, has long been seriously felt, and it is to be hoped that no needless delays will intervene to prevent the speedy erection of the required building.

— The sentimental editor of the Syracuse *Journal* (who has never heard Piccolomini), says that of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

— A dashing young woman having written to her absent husband for the means to pay off "a few smal debts," received in reply the following fiscal and philosophic advice:

My Dear Chickee;—Never attempt to get out of debt. The woman who owes nobody is a poor, miserable being; nobody manifests any interest in her welfare—nobody cares a continental cent whether she lives or dies. She is lean, hungry, and generally as poor and wilted as were the pin-feathers on Job's turkey. Look at our great men: they are all debtors—owe everybody; our men of science, our authors, our sensation ministers—all the entire cohort of them are deeper in debt than Pharaoh's army were in the Red Sea. Debt ennobles a woman; gives her a more expanded and liberal view of human nature; makes her energetic, healthy, and active, and keeps her moving—especially if she never pays rent or anything else. Nothing will cure the consumptive quicker than a good strong dose of debt, properly taken. *To owe, to owe: to pay, divine.* Therefore, until woman becomes superhuman she shouldn't attempt to emulate divinity. The science of payment—the true modern science is—get in debt to somebody enough to pay somebody else whom you owe. By this means, you avoid getting out of debt, and yet maintain a reputation of paying. The greatness of a nation increases with its national debt. Make a note of this at ninety days.

Your indebted husband, J. B.

— John Cobb, a young man of eighteen, was hung at Atlanta, Ga., lately, for shooting a wealthy libertine who had seduced his sister. Cobb was convicted and sentenced last year, but the feeling in his behalf was so strong that Governor Ellis was induced to reprieve him for twelve months.

— The campmeeting at Wesleyan Grove, Martha's Vineyard, will commence on the 9th of August, and it is expected, will be more fully attended than any similar gathering at that place. A new principle has been inaugurated, that of sumptuous tents, some with panelled doors, the occupants' names inscribed on silver door-plates, in which the Providence brethren appear to take the lead.

Literary Notes.

— Speaking of Dr. Palmer's last work, "The New and the Old, or California and India in Romantic Aspects," the London *Athenæum* says: "The book is written as if with a bowie-knife; it is all revolver-firing and brandy-smash. If Dr. Palmer could cultivate himself into a little moderation, he might be an entertaining traveller, for his powers of gossip are unbounded."

— Mr. Alfred Tennyson, the poet, had, at last accounts, left London, to pass a week with Mr. James T. Fields, at the Isle of Wight.

— The latest rumor about the *Ledger* is that Bonner has offered Everett $10,000 to discontinue his Mount Vernon Papers. We don't believe a word of it.

— Dr. Watts' Hymns were first published in England in 1707, and his psalms in 1719. He sent specimens of them to this country to Cotton Mather. The hymns were first published in America by Dr. Franklin, in 1741, and the psalms were published the same year in Boston; but neither the hymns nor the psalms came into general use in this country until after the Revolution.

— James Riker, Jr., Esq., of Harlem, N. Y., is engaged in preparing the history of that place.

— The fourth volume of Bohn's reprint of Lowndes has just been issued. In the preface, the publisher says that the present price does not pay for the labor, that the balance of the work will be furnished to subscribers as agreed, but that immediately on completion of the work, the price will be raised.

— The following bit of amiability is from the New York *Times*: "A still existing secular journal called the *Century* endeavors to crush M. Michelet's brave book on 'Love' under one of its leader columns. The managers of that ponderous sheet should be careful, in applying its formidable power, always to use the lever of truth. Such precaution would have preserved them, in this instance, from transparently puffing the morality of a rich and influential publishing house, by a slur at that of a younger, but by no means less enterprising firm, as the success of *L'Amour* has shown. The *Century* says:

"'We are gratified to learn that the Messrs. Appleton, to whom the manuscript was first tendered, refused to publish it, although assured that it would prove a profitable investment.'

"It certainly cannot be true that the Messrs. Appleton, who have so recently issued the 'Memoirs of the Empress Catharine II.,' the most abandoned and shameless of her sex—a woman whose 'Memoirs' are read principally for the revelations of depravity and coarse sensuality they contain—would refuse, on the ground of indecency, to publish the delicate and tender teachings of one of the most earnest, as well as most profound, thinkers of our age. The absurdity of the assertion is evident; for no one who has read the 'Memoirs' will believe that morality had anything to do with the issuing of the book. It is simply a question of sagacity, as between two publishers; and that the *Century*, in default of veracity, should have had the common sense to understand."

— The New York *Tribune* says that "Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was to have left England for home on the 13th of August, will remain there until October." Remain where?

— George W. Matsell, late Chief of Police in New York, is about to publish a dictionary of the rogues' dialect, the words employed by thieves, burglars, stock-jobbers, and other depredators upon property. A large proportion of the words are from the Gipsy dialect, with a mixture of Hebrew and Sanscrit. So perfect is the rogues' language, that Mr. Matsell declares that two thieves of different countries, perfectly ignorant of each other's vernacular, are able to converse intelligibly by using this dialect alone.

— Sir John Bowring, who was among the passengers unfortunately wrecked on board the *Absa* in the Red Sea, lost by that disaster "a large portion of valuable MSS., with public documents."

— A volume of Poems, dedicated by permission to the Poet Laureate, is about to be published by a contributor to *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, named Ellis, a stonemason by trade.

— Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, London, announce a new work, entitled "Almost a Heroine," by the author of "Charles Auchester."

— The report of the British Museum shows that during 1857 the number of readers who made use of the library was 94,370. During 1858 the number had increased to 122,108. In the year 1858 32,152 volumes had been added to the collection.

— The article on Pope in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is by De Quincey; the article on Prescott by William Stirling, M.P.; that on Poetry by Prof. Aytoun; and that on the Quakers by William Howitt.

— The site of the house in which Dr. Johnson lived and died, in Bolt court, Fleet street, has been bought by the Stationers' Company of London.

— Mr. J. S. Redfield, of this city, is about to publish, from advance-sheets, a new series of "Friends in Council."

— The English Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has just published a large and very handsome edition of the Septuagint version of the Holy Scriptures, under the following title: "Vetus Testamentum Græce juxta LXX. interpretes. Recensionem Grabianam ad fidem Codicis Alexandrini allorumque denuo recognovit, Græca secundum ordinem textus Hebraei reformavit, libros apocryphos a canonicis segregavit Fridericus Field, A.A.M., Coll. SS. Trin. Cantab., olim Socius." This edition is printed in the beautiful Greek type of the University of Oxford, and has prefixed to it a useful prolegomena in Latin by the learned editor.

— A printed catalogue of the Library of Reference in the British Museum is now nearly ready for publication. It is, we believe, alphabetical, according to authors' names, in its arrangement, with an index of subjects, also alphabetical. The latter will be found very useful, supplying in every way what is wanted in a classed catalogue, while it is at the same time much more easily consulted. To persons at a distance from London, anxious to know what is the character of the Readingroom Library—that is, of the 20,000 books of reference that may be at once handled without let or hindrance of any kind, and without the trouble of writing a ticket or voucher for any one of them—such a publication as this will prove a great desideratum. A pleasing circumstance connected with it is, that it will be purchasable at a price within

[Correspondence of the N. Y. Evening Post.]

THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

NEW GRANADA, July 26, 1859.

It is strange that in the United States a region should exist which belongs entirely to another world and another time. But such is the case with the eastern or German counties of the great State of Pennsylvania. These counties were settled by the Germans, and they still remain German. No change has taken place among the people; they speak, live, and act nothing but Low German. In the last few days I have walked from the Delaware river to the Susquehanna, and during that journey have spoken to almost every one I met on the road, have stopped in at the houses, and did not find more than a dozen persons who were able to speak English. I took the road through the mountains passing the Water Gap, and travelled through some of the most beautiful scenery on the continent, following the windings of the streams, and stopping over night in little hamlets covered up in the hills. The mountains rise up on either side of the road, clothed in pines and chestnuts, and their tops for some days made the only horizon, cutting off some time from the length of the days. The rich bottom lands of the valleys are peopled by German farmers, with here and there a village gathered about a tavern. These farmers, judging from their barns, are well-to-do in the world; for such barns never were seen, even on model farms, in the Eastern States. On the journey I have seen some enormous ones, from fifty to a hundred feet in length, and from forty to sixty feet deep. The ends are built of worked limestone, about three feet thick, while the faces are all of wood, and are built with glass windows. The large barns stand three stories high, with a basement; the windows are all sashed and glazed. The woodwork of these mammoth stables is painted red, and is adorned with all manner of devices, stars, suns, crosses, and with a rather strange-shaped monster, over which I paused half a day until I was told that it was an anchor. I never should have known if I had not been told. All the great barns have the names of the owner and builder painted on them over the central window, and many of them have some motto, generally as inappropriate as is possible. But the horses are worthy of even their palatial stables, for they are very large, and look as if they were finely kept. The houses in which the people themselves live are in direct and striking contrast with the barns. They are poor log huts, plastered up with mud, never more than one and a-half stories high, and will average about twelve feet by fifteen; they are overflowing with children and vermin, and the floors are not as clean as those of the stables. These people have lost trace of what part of the Fatherland they came from. All the information that I could gather was, that they came from Germany. But what part of Germany? "O, from Germany;" further than this they either would or could not tell me. They still retain some of the old country customs, not at all improved by transplanting over the sea, for bad whiskey has taken the place of weak beer. Their frolics (bier squirts, as they call them), marriages, funerals, and christenings, without a priest, are attended by the whole country side: and they themselves told me that the effects of whiskey are oftentimes unpleasantly noticed.

In this country, Germany, as the inhabitants call it, wives and daughters are very useful in a household. They do field-work with the men, and are not troubled with consumption. Large, strong, masculine women, with faces burred and hair tangled, they seem to enjoy life full as much as their more delicate sisters in the city. Families, however well off they may be, are not at all annoyed with their Irish help. The women of the house do everything and keep everything in order, or rather disorder. But with all their usefulness and real value they have very little respect paid them, and no pleasant attention whatever: and I am informed that, compared with the men, very few of them are able to read or write. Stopping along the road to eat and sleep, I ate with the father and sons, but we were waited on by the mother and daughters, who were ordered about in a very careless and coarse way, and who contented themselves with what remained of the meal when we had finished. The little children look as if they had never been washed, and I am sure that they never have their heads combed. The same dirt-spots were on their faces in the morning that were there the night before, and the scratching of heads was ominous.

All this is in the richest agricultural counties in the State, amid farms of the highest cultivation, and with mountain and sky so beautiful that one would think they must have some influence upon the minds of the inhabitants. Contrary to the usual taste, the Germans here have very little appreciation of music. I heard some wild German songs which must have been imported from the fatherland by the first settlers; the music consisted of a certain number of words run off in rapid recitative, and interspread with a long, dismal howl. The language which is spoken is a mixture of several of the old German dialects, crossed with English; this last having caused the dropping of most of the noun and many of the verb case endings; recently imported Germans are unable to understand the tongue, and call it very hard names. The coal measures occur in the mountains through the district, and have driven the Dutch out in spots, as the mines are worked by English, Welsh, and Irish, under American engineers; but darkness closes in around these bright spots, although it seems a paradox to call coal bright, and the little civilisation extends no further than in the immediate region of the mines. There are, however, some few iron forges in the hills, worked by the Germans in the same manner as those in the Harts mountains, making, at a great waste of labor, very good iron. The forges burn charcoal, and cart the product to the nearest outlet in farm wagons.

The inhabitants appear perfectly contented; every face is round, and has either a pleasant expression or none at all, principally the latter. I did not see a single ill-natured look on the whole trip, except one man who was talking loud to his wife in the unknown tongue.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.

For the week ending August 6, 1859.

The Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences: being a Practical and Analytical Digest of the contents of the principal British, American, and Continental Medical Works published during the preceding six months. Together with a series of Critical Reports on the Progress of Medicine and the Collateral Sciences during the same period. Edited by W. H. Ranking, M.D., Physician to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, and C. B. Radcliffe, M.D., Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, London. No. 29, from January to June, 1859. 8vo. pp. 296. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston; New York: Dexter & Brother. 1859.

Personal Recollections of the American Revolution. A private Journal, prepared from authentic domestic records. Together with reminiscences of Washington and Lafayette. Edited by Sidney Barclay. 12mo. pp. 251. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1859.

The False and True Marriage: the Reason and Results. By Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. Pamphlet, pp. 24. Cleveland: E. Cowles & Co. 1859.

The Banker's Magazine and Statistical Register. Edited by J. Smith Homans. Vol. IX. New Series. No. 2. August, 1859. New York: J. Smith Homans, Jr.

Lesson for Mankind: From the Life and Death of Humboldt. A Discourse delivered in the Bulfinch Street Church, June 5, 1859, by William Rounseville Alger. Pamphlet, pp. 26. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow & Co. 1859.

Memoirs of Vidocq, the Principal Agent of the French Police. Written by Himself, and translated from the original French expressly for this edition. With illustrated engravings from original designs by Geo. Cruikshank. 12mo., pp. 380. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Communication from the Street Commissioner, transmitting his Semi-Annual Report, Board of Aldermen, July 14, 1859. Document No. 29. Pamphlet, pp. 123. New York: Charles W. Baker, Printer. 1859.

Fair Maid of Perth. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859. [Library of Sterling Novels.]

The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities, History, and Biography of America. Vol. III. No. 8. August, 1859. New York: C. Benjamin Richardson.

American Wit and Humor. Illustrated by J. McLenan. 8vo., pp. 208. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859

Adam Bede. By George Eliot, author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo., pp. 462. Second edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

The Hearthstone: A Magazine devoted to Domestic Economy and the Welfare of Woman. Vol 1, No. 8. August, 1859. New York; Woods & Co.

The Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D. With Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events. By his Son, Thomas Percival Bunting. Vol. 1. 12mo., pp. 389. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

The Mother and Daughter. A Journal of Fireside Readings and Feminine Accomplishments, Literature, Art, Music, Fashion, Domestic Economy. Vol. 1, No. 2. August, 1859. New York: Stephen Paul, and Ross & Tousey.

The Spirit of Christianity; or, The Conformity of the Christian with Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Father Francis Nepvue, of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French by Charles B. Fairbanks. Published with the approbation of His Grace the Archbishop of New York: 12mo., pp. 333. New York: Edw. Dunigan & Brother [James B. Kirker]. 1859.

Chess Column

OF

The New York Saturday Press.

AUGUST 6TH, 1859.

Replies and Remarks.

— Curtis, who sees things with the eye of an experienced and knowing Howadji, and tells them with the dreamy, poetical air of the confirmed Lotus-eater, has a capital and commendable article on Mr. Morphy's American reception, in the "Easy Chair" of the latest *Harper*. Shall we assume a representative right for the moment, and thank him in the name of the American Chess community, for his timely words in favor of the game and its champion? Nay, may we not venture to speak for a still larger portion of the American public, and express our grateful sense and approval of the truths he has pleasantly uttered concerning one, who in generosity and courtesy, in chivalrous bearing abroad, and modest bearing at home, is not altogether unlike that glorious knight and gentleman who fell at sorrowful Zutphen?

— In the *Critical Review*, for September, 1787, occurs the following passage: "The enthusiastic admiration of chess-players for their game is easily accounted for by those who have felt its influence, and have known the uncommon hold it takes of the mind and the affections. Equal players labor with great earnestness; and a casual absence of mind alone determines the game. We have heard of a lady's suffering herself to be undressed without perceiving it, while immersed in the mysterious movements of Queens, Bishops and Knights."

— "Artesianus," of the *Bulletin*, with more than characteristic profundity, sees in the simple refusal of Mr. Morphy to undergo the fatigue and inconvenience of any more public receptions, an unfathomable mystery. His personal opinion is, that "there is an unwritten history to this whole curious affair which would be extremely interesting if it should ever see the light." The SATURDAY PRESS, as everybody knows, modestly dislikes to interfere with the business arrangements of its neighbors, but it cannot refrain from suggesting that the funds collected for the dinner be paid over to deep-eyed "Artesianus" for the purpose of making this "unwritten history" a written one. Adorned by the graces of his style, it would "see the light" under the most favorable circumstances.

— Either in next week's number, or the following one, the SATURDAY PRESS will commence the publication of all the extant games of PHILIDOR, with a full and careful commentary. They will be accompanied by a considerable amount of novel information concerning the contemporaries and antagonists of the great master. In addition to the games given by Walker and others, there will appear in our columns *six unpublished contests, played by* PHILIDOR, without sight of the board, against Count Brühl and Mr. Jenninga, two of the foremost players of the last century. It is remarkable that such a number of unprinted games, played by the celebrated Frenchman, should first be brought to light, more than half a century after his death, and in a country so far from the scene of his combats. A full account of them will be given in due time.

— That man of letters (but not of thoughts), Park Benjamin, has been satirizing Edward Everett and Paul Morphy in some verses read at the late Dartmouth Commencement. The portion of it relating to our chess-hero, as we are told by the correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, "was listened to with silent displeasure by an audience too refined to evince its evident disgust." Is it possible that the author's successive failures as prose-writer, poet, lecturer, and editor, can have given an unnatural acidity to his temper, and rendered him less than charitable towards those who have been more successful in climbing the slippery ladder of fame?

— Two games of chess are being played, by correspondence, between a promising member of the New York Chess Club, and an amateur of St. Petersburg. Should the contest fail to reach a termination during the life-time of the combatants, arrangements will be made, we understand, to bring the match to a conclusion amid the quiet shades of Purgatory.

— The *Saturday Evening Gazette* witnesses, with critical horror, the publication in the *Chess Monthly* of the game played by Mr. Morphy against five prominent players of Braintown consulting together. It is not for us to defend the conduct of those who manage the periodical in question, but suppose the mighty men of Braintown had been victorious, would the *Gazette*, under any circumstances, have regarded the game as unworthy of publication?

— A steel portrait of Mr. Morphy, accompanied by a life, was published with the number of the London *Illustrated News of the World*, for July 23d.

— Dr. Duncan Forbes is to enlarge his articles on the origin of the game, inserted in 1854-55 in the *Illustrated News*, into a book. The work will be worthy of his reputation as an Orientalist.

— If there be any New Yorker who doubts that our intellectual game has taken fast hold of the minds of the American people, let him go of an evening to the Morphy Chess Rooms, corner of Broadway and Fourth street. He will there find scores of devotees, regardless of the Summer heat, either playing themselves or watching the games of others. Chess, with the thermometer at ninety, is the height of enthusiasm.

— By the way of New Orleans, we learn that a chess-column has been commenced in a Schenectady journal.

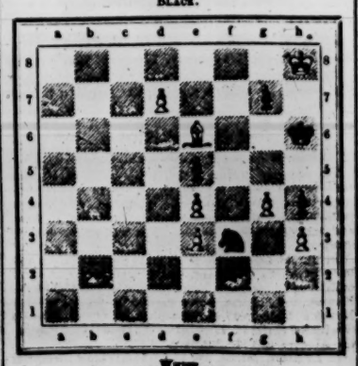
— In a work of fiction which appeared towards the close of the last century, may be read the following passage: "It is singular that men find amusement in intense thinking in games, although it appear very irksome on most other occasions. But it is your speculative geniuses chiefly that delight in thoughtful games. The vulgar, who are accustomed to bodily labor, in like manner, delight in athletic exercises It would seem, at first sight, that the laboring man, by way of varying the scene, would sit down to some game that required thinking, and the sedentary professor would be forward to exercise his outward man, and revel in all the gambols of animal nature; but, such is the power of omnipotent and everlasting habit, that smiths, carpenters, and shoemakers are seen in crowds playing at cricket, while gentlemen of education and fortune, forgetful of their wives, their children, and the very times appointed for bodily refreshment, sit poring over a chessboard."

— Our problem last week should have been credited to the *Schachzeitung*; the one in our present number is from the July *Sissa*.

PROBLEM NO. 28.

By C. MESSEMAKER, of Gouda, Holland.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

Advertisements.

N. B.—No arrangement of any kind can be made for editorial notices of articles advertised in THE SATURDAY PRESS. Such notices may appear, but they will, in all cases, be purely voluntary, and will be favorable or unfavorable, according to the opinion of the Editor, who recognizes no relation whatever between the editorial and the business departments of the paper. This notice becomes necessary from the fact that respectable houses are occasionally sending us elaborately prepared puffs, which they expect us to insert—according to the custom of other journals—as expressing the views of the Editor.

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☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, etc., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes the healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.

PRICE, 50 CENTS FOR A HALF PINT BOTTLE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
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TESTIMONIALS.

BOSTON, July 19, 1857.

Messrs. J. Burnett & Co.: I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect, in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil (*Cocoaine*).

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World*.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

Price, 50 Cents a Half-pint Bottle.

For sale by dealers generally. Prepared by

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
BOSTON.

Italian Produce Warehouse,

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Import, and have constantly on hand, a full and varied assortment of the following goods, viz:

PARMESAN AND OTHER CHEESE,
MACCARONI OF ALL KINDS,
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75 Fulton street, New York.

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, it is well known, cures *TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH,

THE GRANDMOTHER'S APOLOGY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

And Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man:
And Willy's wife has written: she never was over wise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

II.

For Anne, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Holding a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave;
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one—
Fine—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say is gone.

III.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week," says doctor; and he would be bound
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

IV.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue:
I thought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

V.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest:
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

VI.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

VII.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
That Jenny had tript in her time: I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

VIII.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said, likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

IX.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
And all things looked half-dead, though it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make one's self clean.

X.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climbed to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrupt the nightingale.

XI.

All of a sudden he stopt: there past by the gate of the farm,
Willy—he didn't see me—and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

XII.

Willy stood up like a man, and looked the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years it 'll all be the same.
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

XIII.

And he turned, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine;
"Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill:
But marry me out of hand; we two shall be happy still."

XIV.

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind,
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
But he turned and clasp't me in his arms, and answered, "No, love, no;"
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

XV.

So Willy and I were wedded; I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

XVI.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death,
There by the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

XVII.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:
I looked at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

XVIII.

But he cheered me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay;
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way:
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seemed so near.

XIX.

But I wished it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget:
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

XX.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

XXI.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team;
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

XXII.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

XXIII.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve;
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

XXIV.

To be sure, the preacher says our sins should make us sad:
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

XXV.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

XXVI.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower:
But how can I weep for Willy, he has gone but for an hour—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext?

XXVII.

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you when I shall have past away.
But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay.

—*Once a Week.*

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

The *Commercial Advertiser* has some excellent observations on the proposal now to finish the so-called Washington Monument in the City of Washington. But in enumerating the various causes which have prevented the completion of that unfortunate enterprise, our cotemporary leaves out of view the one which ought to be put in the first place of all. We refer to the essential absurdity and ugliness of the design. This design presents a lofty column sticking up through the top of a little house, and has been not inaptly compared to a stake driven through a pumpkin. It is repulsive alike to good taste and to artistic sentiment; and every person who pays any attention to the subject perceives that, instead of honoring the memory of Washington, such a structure would only insult it; and that instead of being, when completed, a thing of beauty, it would be an object which no one could contemplate without unpleasant feelings, a blotch in the landscape, and a disagreeable feature in a city which has too many disagreeable features already. If the managers of the Washington National Monument Association persist in the idea of completing the deformity which they have begun, they may appeal to the country forever, but will most likely appeal in vain. But let them tear down their present wretched stump of a monument, advertise for new plans, have them passed upon by Messrs. Brown, Kennett, and Lambdin, who form the artistic commission already appointed to supervise the decorations of the Capitol, and then they will probably be able to get a design which no one need be ashamed of, and which all parties can enthusiastically endeavor to carry forward to a speedy completion.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

INTERESTING TO TABLE-TOSSERS.

A Few Palpable Raps from One of the Converts.

NAHANT, *August* 1, 1859.

Dear Mr. Editor: I am very sorry you have had so much trouble with the spirits on my account. Any person who read the article in the *Courier*, from which the sentence referring to my supposed conversion to Spiritualism was taken, must have seen that the sentence was detached from its connection, like the famous text "top-knot (top not) come down."

I have been informed many times within the last few months that I am represented to have become not only a believer in the preposterous fables of the Spiritists, but a *medium*, or, as the excellent Mr. Stiles calls it, a *meejum*. I suppose the rumor has been put in circulation in order to verify the prediction made by a band of Spirits through the *meejumship* of the aforementioned Stiles, that "Professor Felton would become a meejum, though the *sperrits* would have a hard tustle with him first."

Of course, no one believes this—least of all the original inventor. None of the leaders in the imposture believe it, for they do not believe in their own pretensions. They have succeeded in duping others; they have not succeeded in duping themselves. The fact is—and they know it—that every one of their pretensions has been utterly disproved. The experiments at the Albion proved—as the impostors themselves knew they would prove—the utter turpitude of the cheat; and the decision of the Judges, with the brief but most significant warning against the dangerous and demoralizing effects of the imposture and delusion, struck a blow at the whole scheme, from which it has not recovered, and never will recover.

When I speak of the leaders in Spiritism as impostors, I do not mean to assert that all of them are destitute of faith in its claims. There are a few who, having had the misfortune to have their belief in Christianity undermined by what is called *rationalism*, but should be called *irrationalism*, snatch at the poor juggleries of table-tipping to supply the place of the lost faith. There are others—people of weak judgment and excitable nerves—who have been wrought upon by the legerdemain of such crafty managers as Mrs. Hayden, Mr. Mansfield, and the rest of the deceiving crew, and have really believed these vulgar tricksters are chosen by departed spirits to communicate with the survivors on earth. Others still, astonished at the volubility of the trance-speakers, open their eyes in wonder, and believe that spirits are speaking through their organisms. There was a young man—a Mr. Whiting—who pretended that the spirit of an Italian poet would improvise poetry, on any subject, through his organism. His claims were accepted in twenty-one States of the Union, where his exhibitions had been given. When, however, I put the question to the spirit, whether he intended to improvise in his native tongue—to the utter confusion of the medium, he was obliged to confess that he never gave that test except in private. Mrs. Hatch, by far the ablest of the trance-speakers, after having been the great pillar of Spiritism, as they all admitted, was completely exposed in Lynn and Boston. To a mathematical question she gave a wrong answer, asserting that a thing can be done which is demonstrably impossible; but instead of doing it, the spirits, through her organism, promised that the problem should be solved within a month, and the name of the spirit solving it should be transmitted with the document, "or," said the spirits, "we will confess that we are disgraced forever." That was two years ago; the problem has not been solved, and the spirits must accordingly admit that they are disgraced forever.

I have known one or two cases where, for a time, persons have been caught by the delusion, and have honestly believed themselves rapping, speaking, and even writing mediums. These self-delusions have, however, lasted but a short time; and the victims to their own imaginations have waked to the truth, like patients suddenly recovering from a dose of ether or gas. I have no hesitation in saying that there have been such temporary mediums, who began by deluding themselves, and ended by deluding others; and I have as little hesitation in saying that the swarms of mediums of every sort, who are weekly announced in the *Banner of Light* and the *Spiritual Age*, and who, after the exposures that have taken place, continue their incantations, are cheats and impostors of the worst description, and ought to be brought under the penalties of the law. When, for instance, the pretended clairvoyants pick the pockets of the ignorant and the credulous, of heavy fees for medical prescriptions, the law should step in and protect the feeble-minded, as it does in other cases of idiocy. And when Stiles publishes an octavo volume of the most enormous nonsense, under the name of John Quincy Adams—forging the handwriting of the sage of Quincy—he ought to be dealt with as any other forger. And when Mansfield opens letters and sells answers to them, under the pretence that the answers come from departed spirits, or hires an artist to draw crayon portraits of the dead from his own descriptions, or from daguerreotypes, and sells them as portraits taken from the departed spirits coming to sit in *propria personæ*, he ought to be dealt with as any other rogue who obtains money by false pretences. I knew from the beginning of the discussion that almost every species of fraud and villany was practised under the garb of Spiritism: I knew that its tendencies were baneful and demoralizing: I knew that it connected itself with the basest passions, and justified practices that tended to the overthrow of social and domestic life. Those who charged it with these tendencies were bitterly denounced; but the recent revelations of those who have had the best opportunities of knowing its effects surpass tenfold all the crimes that were imputed to it.

The consequence of the discussion was first to induce people who were inclined to listen to its pretensions to examine a little more closely; to apply tests; to see for themselves. The moment this was done, Spiritism lost all credit with persons of the least penetration. Some of its pretended phenomena have been witnessed in cultivated circles, and for a short time caused surprise and perplexity. At present no such surprise or perplexity can be excited: the phenomena are seen through, the tricks are exposed, and, with very few exceptions, the only dupes are to be found in the haunts of the most ignorant and degraded. Its services were no longer announced in the daily papers with the "religious intelligence." It has shrunk to contemptible dimensions, and hides its diminished head from the light of day. Mr. Newton no longer justifies the indecencies of the mystic mount in Lynn; John Murray Spear no longer dares to form his secret circles *in puris naturalibus*, and the abominations of free love, though secretly practised, are no longer openly defended under the sanction of spiritual communications. No one doubts that the incoherent raving of the trance-speakers comes from their own addled brains, or that the trance-speakers themselves are anything more than shallow impostors, like all the rest. Mediums and others who find their gain in it, will continue their nefarious work so long as dupes, with money in their pockets, offer themselves to be robbed. I am afraid my friend Allen Putnam—one of the best of men—still believes in the horrid and blasphemous cheat, but I am sure he cannot stand it much longer. Judge Edmonds continues to write his puerile fictions in the New York *Tribune*, but I have never heard of a man except myself who has read them. Nobody but the Judge believes a single word of them; and, since he affected to think that Mansfield's atrocious English doggerels came from the elegant Attic poet, Menander,—which he could not possibly have believed,—I cannot suppose he believes in them himself. Yours in the spirit,

C. C. FELTON.

—*Boston Courier.*

Art Items.

— The following is a description of the "National Monument to the Pilgrim Forefathers," the corner-stone of which was laid at Plymouth last Tuesday: The design—by Hamatt Billings—consists of an octagon pedestal on which stands a statue of Faith. From the four smaller faces of the pedestal project buttresses, upon which are seated figures emblematic of Morality, Education, Law, and Liberty. Below them, in panels, are alto-reliefs of "The Departure from Delf-Haven," "The Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the May Flower," "The Landing at Plymouth," and "The First Treaty with the Indians." Upon the four large faces of the main pedestal are large panels, to contain records of the principal events in the history of the Pilgrims, with the names of those who came over in the *May Flower*, and below are smaller panels for records connected with the Society and the building of the Monument. A chamber within the pedestal, 26 feet in diameter, and well lighted, is to be a depository for all documents, etc., relating to the Pilgrims and the Society. In this chamber will be a stairway leading to the platform upon which stands the figure of Faith, from which may be seen all the places of interest connected with the history of the Forefathers. The whole Monument will be about 150 feet high, and 80 feet at the base. The Statue of Faith rests her foot upon the Forefathers' Rock; in her left hand she holds an open Bible; with the right uplifted she points to Heaven. Looking downward, as to those she is addressing, she seems to call them to trust in a higher power. The sitting figures are emblematic of the principles upon which the Pilgrims proposed to found their Commonwealth. The first of these is Morality. She holds the Decalogue in her left, and the Scroll of Revelation in her right hand. Her look is upward, towards the impersonation of the Spirit of Religion above. In a niche, on one side of her throne, is a Prophet, and in the other, one of the Evangelists. The second of these figures is Law. On one side of his seat is Justice; on the other, Mercy. The third is Education. In the niche, on one side of her seat, is Wisdom, ripe with years; on the other, Youth, led by Experience. The fourth figure is Freedom. On one side, Peace rests under his protection; on the other, Tyranny is overthrown by his prowess. The monument is to be entirely of granite, with the exception of the panels and alto-relievi; these are to be of porphyry, serpentine, and white marble. The figure of Faith is to be seventy feet in height; the sitting figures are to be about forty feet in height. The monument is to be placed upon a hill a little way from the heart of the village, in a northwesterly direction, and its foundations are already laid. In addition to this structure, a canopy of granite is to be erected over the Rock itself, near the water's edge; the Rock has been raised a few feet from its bed, and has been surrounded by a setting of solid granite, upon which the supports of the canopy are to rest; the Pilgrim Society have purchased and removed several old buildings which pressed closely upon the Rock, and an open square is to be preserved about it. The canopy, as was before said, is to be of granite, and is to rest upon four pillars, thus at the same time protecting the Rock and yet leaving it open to the gaze of all. The canopy will be soon completed; the monument will not be finished till much more money is subscribed, the estimated cost of the whole being about half a million dollars, and about fifty thousand dollars having been already collected.

— The following is from the London *Athenæum* of July 16th: "Mr. Page, another of the skilled American artists who have studied and sojourned in Rome, has brought with him from Italy a picture of Venus on the Sea, attended by two Loves. The work is treated, in some respects, with that ideal disregard of proportion, in detail which is permitted to the sculptor. The shell on which the Queen of Love moves forward is as small as a coracle in a dream; the doves in the immediate foreground, too, are perhaps also liable to the same criticism. If these conditions are to be accepted, the picture is thereby placed in the lists for such honors as belong to the most ideal Art. We are not prepared to assert that Mr. Page altogether reaches this high standard; but his ambition is more than commonly honorable in days like these, when realism in painting is thrust on us as the *Alpha* and *Omega* of its excellence. His *Venus* has the haughty and triumphant beauty of her whose fascinations could bring the sword and the firebrand among men, as well as gentler sensations, and excitements not less potent, but less fierce. Her bust, arms, and lower limbs are well modelled, with perhaps, a trifle too much anxiety as to exactness of articulation. A nude figure, however, ought not to suggest the fancy of any past constraint or compression—Mr. Page's *Venus* hardly escapes this charge. His coloring, with a certain tendency towards sombre-richness (such as time has brought over the carnations of Giorgione and Palma), is solid, attractive, and harmonious. The picture, in short, is a fine one: in no respect to be made light of—one which, whether it be taken for better or for worse, with agreement or with disagreement, cannot be looked at, without interesting suggestion and remembrance being excited,—which cannot be recollected, without sincere respect for the aspiration and the performance of him who has painted it."

— Among the recent contributions of blocks for the Washington Monument is a block of white marble, in which is inserted a curiously carved head, with this inscription beneath: "This head was carved between two and three thousand years ago, by the ancient Egyptians, for their temple erected in honor of Augustus, on the banks of the Nile. Brought from there by J. F. Lennan, and presented to the Washington Monument, 1858."

— A quarts monument is about to be erected in Kansas to the Hon. Horace Greeley in celebration of his having been the first man to discover any quantity of gold at Pike's Peak.

— On the 20th of June, Hans Michelsen, the oldest and most eminent of the sculptors of Norway, died at Christiania, at the age of seventy. When Thorwaldsen had presented the Cathedral of Drontheim with a cast of his statue of Christ, Michelsen was ordered by King Karl Johann to execute statues of the Twelve Apostles for the same church. This was the most important work of his life. Afterwards, by order of King Oscar, he executed four old Norwegian kings for Oscar Hall, besides busts of Holberg, Peter Colthjörnsen, and others. Michelsen was a man of considerable talent, but his artistic education and development began at too late a period of his life, and he was recalled from Rome too early. In his old age he lived in retirement, being, although of a humorous turn of mind, not easily accessible.

— We cut the following from the *Critic* of July 16: "On Thursday afternoon, Mr. Phillips, of Bond street, offered for competition Hiram Powers's statue of the 'Greek Slave.' In announcing the fact, the auctioneer used the following rather extraordinary language: 'This lovely figure, representing an historical fact—the exposure of a young and beautiful Greek girl for sale in a Turkish bazaar. The expression is intended to be that of extreme dejection, mingled with shame and disgust. The chaste and beautiful pose of this figure has won the admiration of the first artists of the day, and lecturers on anatomy have added their testimony to its marvellous correctness and beautiful representations of feminine beauty.' We cannot quite agree with all the expressions here used. The statue certainly *did* excite a certain amount of admiration, but it was among the vulgar; the judicious regarded with no other feeling than distaste, pronouncing it to be untrue to nature, and very meretricious in feeling. However that may be, Mr. Powers's statue was sold as advertised, and the Duke of Cleveland became the purchaser at the price of 1,800 guineas."

— Messrs. Sampson, Low, Son & Co., London, have just issued a new and revised edition of "The Laws of Life with especial reference to the education of girls, by Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D."

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 6, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

Sketches of Moravian Life and Character, Comprising a general view of the History, Life, Character, and Religious and Educational Institutions of the Unitas Fratrum. By James Henry, Member of the Moravian Historical Society, and of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. 12mo., pp. 316. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1859.

MEDICAL.

Physicians Visiting List, Diary, and Day-Book for 1860. Containing a Visiting List for every day in the Year, Memoranda Page for each Month, Pages for Obstetric Engagements, for Vaccination Engagements, and for Accounts asked for and delivered. 50 to 75cts. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

HISTORICAL.

Records of the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, in New England. Printed by order of the General Assembly. Edited by John Russell Bartlett, Secretary of State. Vol IV. 1707–1740. 8vo., pp. 622. Providence: Knowles, Anthony & Co.

Ancient Dominions of Maine; embracing the earliest facts, the recent discoveries of the remains of aboriginal towns, the voyages, settlements, battle scenes, and incidents of Indian warfare, and other incidents of history, together with the religious developments of society within the ancient Sagadahoc, Sheepscod, and Pemaquid precincts and dependencies. By Rufus King Sewall, author of "Sketches of the City of St. Augustine." 8vo., pp. 366. Bath: E. Clark & Co.

Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1855–8. Selected from the Records. 8vo., pp. 412. Boston: Printed for the Society.

Orderly Book of the Northern Army, at Ticonderoga and Mt. Independence, from Oct. 17, 1776, to Jan. 8, 1777, with Biographical and Explanatory Notes, and an Appendix. 8vo., pp. 224. Albany: J. Munsell.

History of the Republic of the United States of America, as Traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton, and of his Contemporaries. By John C. Hamilton. Vol. IV., octavo. $2 50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

LEGAL.

The Statutes at Large and Treaties of the United States of America, from December 3, 1855, to March 3, 1859, and Proclamations since 1791. Edited by George Minot and George P. Sanger, Esqs. Vol. XI. Royal 8vo., $4. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

American Wit and Humor. Illustrated by J. McLenan. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Some Account of a Secret Society in New York, entitled the Kappa-Lambda Association. By Sholto Douglas, M.D. $1. For sale by Rogers, at the "Popular Library," 827 Broadway, N. Y.

ENGLISH.

TRAVELS, SKETCHES, ETC.

Photograms of an Eastern Tour: being Journal Letters of Last Year, written home from Germany, Dalmatia, Corfu, Greece, Palestine, Desert of Shur, Egypt, the Mediterranean. By Σ. 12mo., with original illustrations, pp. 352, cloth, 7s. London: J. F. Shaw.

Voyage to Japan, Kamtchatka, Siberia, Tartary, and the Coast of China, in H. M. S. "Barracouta." By J. M. Trounson, R.N. 8vo., with numerous illustrations. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Campaigning Experiences in Rajpootana and Central India During the Suppression of the Mutiny in 1857–8. By Mrs. Henry Duberly, author of "A Journal Kept During the Russian War." Post 8vo., with Plan of Route. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Through Norway with a Knapsac. By W. M. Williams. Post 8vo., with six Tinted Views. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Journal Kept in Turkey and Greece in the Autumn of 1857 and the Beginning of 1858. By Nassau W. Senior, Esq. Post 8vo., with Maps of the Bosphorus and Troad, and Views in Chromo-lithography of Therapia and Stamboul. 12s., cloth. London: Longman, Green, Longman & Roberts.

NOVELS, ETC.

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